

FEBRUARY 1921

35¢

SHADOWLAND



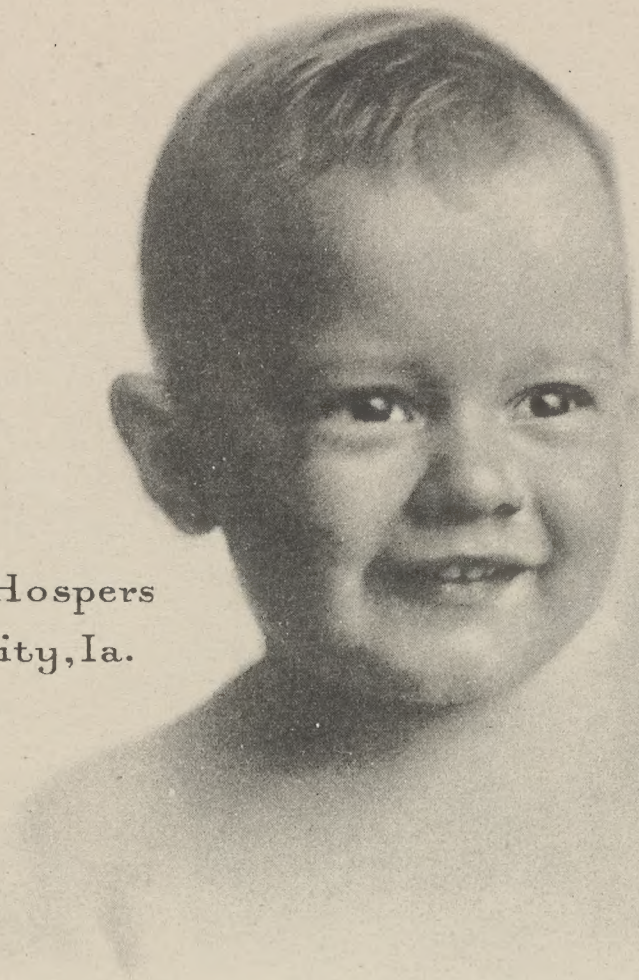
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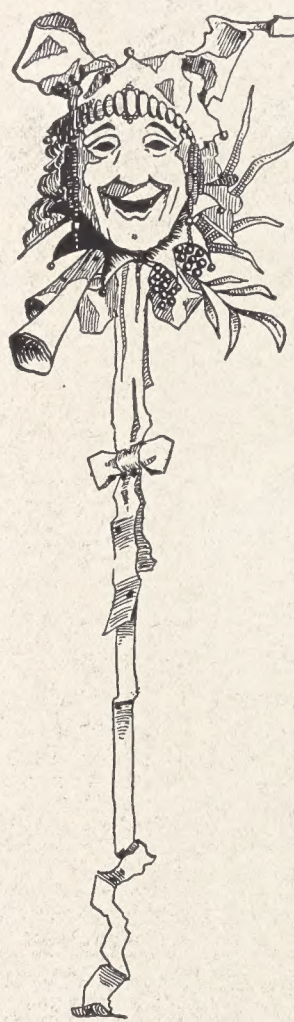
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VOLUME III

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

FEBRUARY, 1921



NUMBER 6

Important Features in this Issue:

- THE PERIL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
 *Frederick James Smith*
 An official interview with Rabindranath Tagore upon the failure of Western thought
- JAMES BRANCH CABELL: PROSPERO
 *Benjamin de Casseres*
 America has that rare figure of literature: a master of imaginative irony
- LULIE *George O'Neil*
 A brilliant and sparkling one-act comedy by the promising young poet
- MR. JEREMIAH SEES IT THRU
 *Heywood Broun*
 The able literary critic discusses the latest books—and "Main Street" in particular
- IT'S A MAD WORLD *Louis Raymond Reid*
 The lunatic is a popular stage figure this year, as exemplified by the hit of "The Tavern"
- SHALIAPIN: IDOL OF ALL RUSSIA
 *Oliver M. Saylor*
 An interesting and intimate study of the famous artist who has sung his way thru the chaos of Russia
- FILM STARS IN GERMANY
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 Photographs and descriptions of the foremost cinema idols of Germany and Central Europe
- REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC
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 Another whimsical essay, "A Visit to Eden"
- Interviews with Henry Arthur Jones, Gilda Varesi, Alice Delysia, Ben-Ami and Georgia Caine

Departments Devoted to the Drama, Fashion and Beauty

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SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



OUR COLOR PLATES:

Mary Lewis

A Charming Personality of "The Greenwich Village Follies"

Madge Bellamy

A Pleasant Young Actress Who has just left the Stage for the Screen

Pearl Magley

An Interesting Vaudeville Figure

Margaret Severn

The Vivid and Always Interesting Dancer

Francine

A Popular Favorite in Keith Variety Theaters and

Reproductions of Wynn Holcomb's newest Paris Impressions, done at the Follies Bergere; together with a reproduction of "A Two - Reef Breeze," an original painting by H. W. Ranger, N. A.



Painted from photograph by Abbe

Mary Lewis



Painted from © photograph by Moffett

Madge Bellamy



Painted from photograph by Hixon-Connelly Studios

Pearl Magley



A TWO-REEF BREEZE
An Original Painting
By H. W. Ranger, N. A.



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

HELEN LEE WORTHING

She was one of the Fame and Fortune Contest leaders of 1919 and is now a feature of "The Greenwich Village Follies"



Photograph by Wassermann, Moscow

Every nation picks its heroes according to its own peculiar characteristics. It is like the Russians to be perplexing enough to choose an artist as their national hero. Fyodor Ivanovitch Shaliapin is the best beloved figure in all Russia

Shaliapin: Idol of All Russia

By
Oliver M. Saylor

EVERY nation, I suppose, picks its heroes according to its own peculiar characteristics. The monstrous stone images in the Siegesallee in Berlin testify to the high regard which the German people have always held for military glory. We of the Anglo-Saxon world have had our Nelsons and Wellingtons, our Jacksons and Grants, but for the most part our popular idols have been drawn from the political and financial scene. It is just like those Russians to be perplexing enough to choose an artist as their national hero. The misconception of Russians prevalent in this country would probably picture for that post a fanatical orator or a bloody executioner. Their



Both photographs by Wassermann, Moscow

Fyodor Ivanovitch Shaliapin has sung his way thru the chaos of Russia. The theater has persisted in that troubled land largely in the figure of this remarkable singer. At the left is a portrait of Shaliapin as "Boris Godunoff"

baffling disposition, on the contrary, is essentially gentle and peaceful, a disposition which led them to tolerate the autocracy of the Tsar long after it had survived its usefulness. And so it is particularly fitting that they should cherish a great singer in the terms of intimacy and affection which we of the West have saved for our generals, our statesmen and our captains of industry.

Fyodor Ivanovitch Shaliapin, peasant born of peasants, the greatest opera singer of our time, and, I think, the greatest living actor, is the best beloved figure in all Russia. The turgid bulletins of war and revolution have had no room for the records of art and music and the theater in Russia, nor for the chronicles of popular heroes if their activity lies in one of these fields. In a spirit which is none the less astonishing in spite of the fact that it ought to be taken for granted in a civilized world, H. G. Wells has recently brought back from Moscow and Petrograd a vivid glimpse of the persisting theater—a theater which defies economic impoverishment and spiritual

(Continued on page 66)



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

CORINNE GRIFFITH
One of the Prettiest of our Cinema Stars



Photograph by Bachrach Studios

ALLYN KING

*Now lending her beauty to the comedy,
"Ladies' Night"*



SPRING

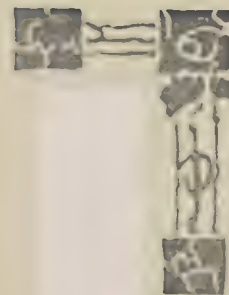
*A Camera Art Study by James Wallace
Pondelicek of Chicago*

CORONE
PAYNTER

*A piquant personality
of "Hitchy Koo-1920"*



Photograph by White Studios



SHADOWS
*Study by Maurice
Goldberg*



Painted from photograph by Nickolas Muray

Margaret Severn



Here we have one of the fillies of the Follies. In spite of her—er—costume, she is really a very modest and retiring little thing



Three awesome autocrats, the Taxe de Luxe trio, form the august receiving line which monsieur must pass ere he gain entrance. In immaculate evening dress they stare one coldly into tremors. Number 1 marks monsieur's tickets, Number 2 tears them into several pieces and said pieces are graciously returned by Number 3



This delicious old hypocrite adds a touch of Boccaccio to the café scene of the Follies



M. Arnould is administrateur-général of the Follies. Lucky chap!



Mafer here furnishes a delightful anti-prohibition argument. His intoxication is refined and European. He is sonorous, he is atmospheric, he is totally enchanting



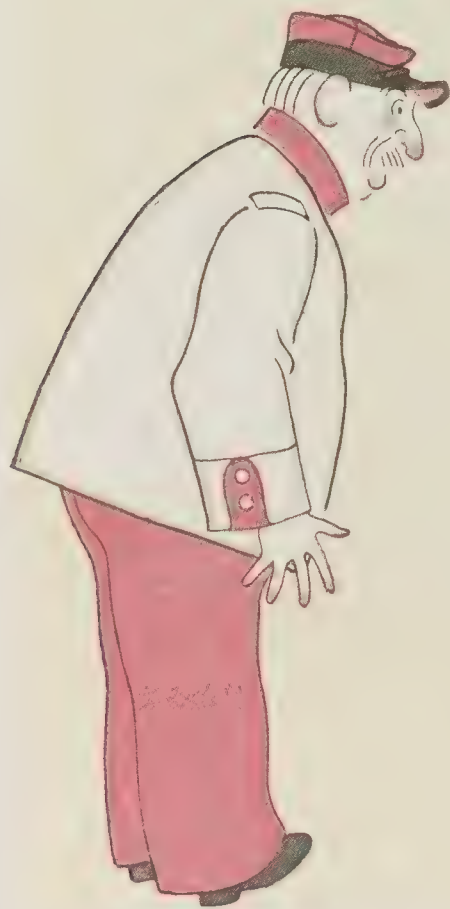
Members of the Purity League would have a lovely time censuring the Follies. They would cut the show down to thirty seconds by the stop watch and criticize the remainder for spiciness. This is one of the milder costumes

Wynn at the Follies Bergere



Here is Wynn completely surrounded by a savage group of chorus ladies in full war paint. It was only Wynn's alleged resemblance to Mr. Chaplin that saved him from the fair foe

This is an impression of Mademoiselle Souret, winner of the beauty contest of France. Very, very sweet, cute, pretty and seventeen



M. Fréjol, when not stage managing, does an amusing bit with recruits from Alsace, Brittany and Algeria, entitled "I will write President Deschanel." It is a piece of typical French drollery

WYNN
PARIS
1920



Painted from photograph by Hixon-Connelly Studios

Francine



Photograph by Abbe

HEDDA HOPPER

One of our most Charming Figures of the Screen



Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

Lightning on a Grey Day

Varesi, "but I had written two bad plays, one with Gladys Unger, and I doubted my own ability as a playwright. Miss Unger really was in no way to blame. She did her best, but I was too wilful to collaborate. I just have to fight things out my own way.

"Enter Madame' had been brooding in my mind for five years. It began

Gilda Varesi was born in Milan, Italy; her mother was a prima donna, Eleanor Varesi, and her grandfather, Francesco Varesi, was the singer for whom Verdi is said to have composed "Rigoletto." Miss Varesi was brought to America at the age of ten and grew up in Chicago. Quite naturally she turned to the stage

LIGHTNING on a grey day. Gilda Varesi's personality is a thing of momentary flashes. At first glimpse this slim, dark, little woman

might seem of the every-day. Then she speaks. The mild mask reveals temperament and determination, color and a delicately taut sensibility. Yes, and perhaps the spark of something bigger.

Miss Varesi's story—preceding her stage success this year in "Enter Madame"—is one of singular difficulties. Only a stalwart soul—or a timid one with a touch of genius—could have withstood it.

Miss Varesi was born in Milan, Italy; her mother was a prima donna, Eleanor Varesi, and her grandfather, Francesco Varesi, was the singer for whom Verdi is said to have composed "Rigoletto." Miss Varesi was brought to America at the age of ten and grew up in Chicago. Quite naturally she turned to the stage.

Her first stage appearance was with Mme. Modjeska. Later she was with the Ben Greet Players and with Mrs. Fiske. She "barnstormed." She played small but vivid bits: the half-crazed mother in "Baby Mine," the Portuguese wife in "Children of Earth," the volatile maid in "Romance." She played Nazimova's rôle in the playlet, "War Brides." Finally she scored in a small rôle in "The Jest," that gory tragedy, with the Barrymores. Then, when illness caused John Barrymore to drop temporarily from the cerebral rôle of the poet, Miss Varesi dared to essay the rôle. And the critics highly praised her performance.

All this led up to "Enter Madame," which Miss Varesi co-authored with Dolly Byrne, wife of Donn Byrne, the magazine writer.

"The idea of 'Enter Madame' was mine," relates Miss

during the three years I was playing in 'Romance.' What would have happened if the diva, Cavallini, had married the minister? I asked myself. And the idea kept revolving in my mind, with all sorts of comic possibilities. Obviously, I could not make my hero a minister. It would have offended many. And I could not make my incidents too comic. I went so far as I dared.

"Then I met Dolly Byrne and together we did 'Enter Madame,' which, after all, is but a continuation of Edward Sheldon's play. It wrote easily; indeed, it literally rolled off."

Miss Varesi smiled. "No one can write a continuation of 'Enter Madame,' however," she said. "For Della Robbia plainly goes right on doing the same thing over and over to the end of her days—wandering, philandering and reconciling herself with her husband." The actress paused thoughtfully. "Have you ever noted how plays of temperament invariably succeed?" she asked. "There was 'Romance,' 'Eyes of Youth' and many others. Possibly that is why 'Enter Madame' won its way. The public seems to like to see the sacred thing of the few—temperament—at play."

Our conversation turned to successful plays. "Many of our popular successes, such as 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'The Music Master,' 'Lightnin',' and 'Romance'—and 'Enter Madame,' if you will—revolve around a single outstanding character. Have you ever thought that this is not true of the better modern plays? True, Shakespeare's dramas revolve around the big, tempestuous soul struggles of a single character working out his or her salvation. And the Greek tragedies dealt with the soul torments of the few. Yet these central figures often personified ideas and problems.

"I think we have been tending away from one-character stories in our better modern drama. The thinking public is not so much interested in one person as in the ideas and problems of social interest. Consider Gorky and the other Russians, or Ibsen, Shaw and Galsworthy. I am

An Impression of Gilda Varesi

By Frederick
James Smith

glad, for I think the theater should be bigger than the petty troubles of the individual. The great modern thinkers should go after the big things of life and not merely reflect poor little us. The soul yearnings of the individual are pretty small potatoes.

"I am sure that the playwright of the future will write of an idea rather than of a personality. This is fortunate because the play of the individual necessarily becomes the star play and there we have distorted drama—with the star as accentuating things to the elimination of the cast. I hope my struggle will keep me from losing my perspective. I want to play in dramas of thought, surrounded by good actors. I do not think I shall ever be selfish. . . . I hope not. I have suffered too much to lose my head, I think.

Photograph (below) by Ira D. Schwarz



Photograph (above) by Maurice Goldberg

"I want to play in dramas of thought," says Miss Varesi, "surrounded by good actors. I do not think I shall ever be selfish. . . . I hope not. I have suffered too much to lose my head, I think. . . . I want to be the medium thru which comes the vitalizing current of a great thought. I want to seek out promising playwrights and find enduring words to give the public"

"I want to seek out promising playwrights—and there will always be promising writers—and find enduring words to give the public. I want to be the medium thru which comes the vitalizing current of a great thought.

"Stage success these days brings certain drawbacks. I shall have to play 'Enter Madame' three seasons; New York, London and the road, you know. One owes that to one's manager, of course. After that I want to do bigger things.

"I hope the public will not 'pigeon-hole' me for 'Enter Madame.' I have always fought against that all my life. Shall I tell you my real secret hope? I want to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Fiske. Remember her Manhattan Players. She was wise and discerning enough to know the value of good surrounding players, for then she had John Mason, George Arliss, William Mack and Christine Nielson. To me that was achieving the highest ideal of the stage. I am aiming—in my way—at that goal."

We left Miss Varesi as she was about to make her first entrance as the tempestuous Lisa of "Enter Madame." And we
(Continued on page 71)



Photograph by Abbe



POLLY PLATT

*Who was a piquant charmer of
"Lassie" and who is now lend-
ing her prettiness to "Sally"*

Writing "The First Year"

By Harriette Underhill

AFTER getting successfully over the first year himself, Frank Craven took five years to think about it and then wrote a play about it. He called it "The First Year" "for the main and simple reason" as Penrod says, that that is just what it is—a story of two young people in the first year of their married life.

Every time Frank Craven does a new play we interview him, but we must admit that we don't know very much about him for all that, or, at least, we didn't until we corralled him after the matinée at the Little Theater and begged for the story of his life.

Now, of all the people we ever have interviewed Mr. Craven is the most difficult. It isn't that he isn't agreeable. He is all anxiety to "help you out" as he puts it, but he is so horribly modest that he says deprecatingly, "Why, there isn't anything about me to tell, you know—I mean nothing interesting." That is the way he always talks and he means it too—oh, bless you, yes, he means it. He is just the same off as he is on and you know the sort of parts he plays—dear, good-natured persons who do not properly appreciate themselves.

So, this last time we went to see Mr. Craven, we resolved to be firm and make him talk about himself. Here our movie training stood us in good stead. Did you ever see a film reporter who did not have a pad and pencil?



Photograph by Moffett Studios

All right, we would do likewise and moreover, we would equip ourself with a set of questions and would make Mr. Craven

Frank Craven has given Broadway one of the best plays of the season in his "The First Year." It is a real slice of life



answer every one of them.

The night we went to see his play, "The First Year," he eluded us, for he lives in Great Neck and the train leaves at 11:30. When it's an indifferent sort of piece you don't mind going out between the acts, but if there is one play that you can't afford to miss a line of, it's "The First Year." It is one of the best things of several seasons so we said "after the matinée to-morrow" and Mr. Craven said "all right." Then because we were five minutes late we caught him just as he was going out the stage door. "Oh" he

(Cont'd on page 76)

At the left, Frank Craven and Roberta Arnold in a scene of "The First Year"

Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz



Photograph by White Studios

Mon Dieu, Delysia!

By Gladys Hall

MY first glimpse of Mlle. Delysia was as the favorite wife of Afgar in the musical comedy by that title. She was attired in scarlet trouserettes, and —

My next glimpse of Mlle. Delysia was as the second wife of Afgar when she appeared clad in black and white, the greater portion of which was white —

My third glimpse of her was a more inti— (be brave! be brave!) intimate affair . . . being in her dressing-room . . . attired in —!

I said, "*Mon Dieu, Delysia!*"

She replied, with a gesture, "*Que voulez vous?*"

I blushed.

I said, "Oh, —?"

Her maid was removing vivid make-up from her—well, I'll say it this time—from her *toes*. I'm always running into French ladies who are either adding to, or subtracting from, the rosy nimbuses of their toes. Has anyone ever before accused a *toe* of having a rosy nimbus? Well, Delysia's have, I'll say that for them, and I oughter know. I had time to count 'em and play "Little Piggie" with 'em before the red ink or whatever the cosmetic was that camouflaged them was removed. Last year, in that same dressing-room, I came upon Irene Bordoni—but that is another story, or, rather, it was another interview.

Delysia squealed "Ooooooh!" thruout the entire removal.

In between "oooohs" she shot at me what I que-voulezd.

I said, "Information."

She said: "Moi? There is not much to tell. I was

(*Cont'd on page 79*)

Delysia has just made her American debut in "Afgar." She hails from Paris, via London. "I was a *midinette*," she says, "but I was one wiz a purpose. My purpose was ze stage. Always I had wanted ze stage"



Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, London

*Delysia as she appears as the
harem favorite in "Afgar"*

The Cinema Wins Lady Diana



Both Photographs © by E. O. Hoppe of London



Commodore J. Stuart Blackton has arranged to present the famed English beauty, Lady Diana Cooper, in two motion picture plays to be made in England. Lady Diana is best known to fame as Lady Diana Manners. She was first persuaded to appear on the screen by D. W. Griffith, but it remained for Commodore Blackton to get her to seriously take up the cinema. Lady Diana's stories will be written by prominent British authors and the scenes will be laid in England and on the Continent

Dr. Janet Beecher

By Harriette Underhill

THIS story is going to be about Janet Beecher, the beautiful doctor in David Belasco's comedy, "Call the Doctor," and because Miss Beecher is so admirably fitted to adorn the tale we also intend to use her to point a moral. The moral is this—When you decide to go on the stage, don't let anyone persuade you to start in by impersonating someone thirty years older than you really are.

Of course, this applies only to the deadlier sex. About men it doesn't matter. "Age cannot wither them nor custom stale their infinite variety." Added years to a man only serve to make him more wicked and in greater need of reformation—and, therefore, more to be loved. You see, we are putting the moral to our story at the beginning instead of the end, where it usually is found, for we believe in being frank and, when one puts the moral at the end, he is sort of giving medicine, while pretending that it is honey.

We haven't quoted the above, for Miss Beecher fixed it up with us as we sat talking to her in her dressing-room at the Empire Theater. Neither one of us said it all alone. We collaborated. Of course, Miss Beecher knew a lot more about it than we did, altho we were not always what we are to-day. Once we were an actress too. But even then we agreed with Miss Beecher's present views and as we had only two offers—one to exit with others, laughing, and one to play an old apple lady who was deaf, dumb and blind, we decided to go into a field where we were appreciated. Having been doing the theaters for three years, we knew almost every one but, strange to say, this was the first time we ever had seen Miss Beecher, excepting behind the footlights, and we were surprised to find her such a very youthful person. Of course, we always knew she was fascinating. She combines a sincere, healthy naturalness in her acting, with a retroussé nose and a provocative mouth which make her irresistible. And, as a matter of fact, never yet have we met a person who did not say that they liked Janet Beecher. Her charm, there is none to dispute. But unless we are much mistaken, other people also share our belief as to her age.

As we always obey that impulse, about the first thing we said to Miss Beecher after the publicity man had told her who we were, was, "Oh, you're young, aren't you?" Miss Beecher laughed. Evidently she is used to that, for

she said, "I suppose you saw me in 'The Concert' and, as that was a decade ago, you must have expected to find me about forty-five, with all of the wrinkles carefully filled in with grease paint. Everyone thinks that, so, I wasn't surprised the other day when someone asked me if Olive Wyndham wasn't my daughter. You know Olive is my little sister, and we are about of an age, only Olive was always nice and slim and I was one of those big fat girls—oh, enormous; and, as a matter of fact, it's only this season that I've gotten to be as thin as I want to be. Of course, we never know how we look, but it was thrust on me quite forcibly the season that I was playing 'The Pipes of Pan.'"

"And adorable you were in that red wig and those
(Continued on page 80)

Janet Beecher first attracted attention by playing the elderly wife in "The Concert." Now she has hard work convincing theater-goers that she really isn't old. Indeed, Miss Beecher, who is in "Call the Doctor" this year, was born in 1886



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

"Afgar" Arrives

At the right is Alice Delysia, who has at last reached New York in the musical revue, "Afgar." Below is Lupino Lane, who scored a personal hit in "Afgar," and the chorus in a lilting Spanish number

Both Photographs by White Studios



Chosen!

By Pearl Malvern

SOME years ago, in the far West, a troupe of players doing repertoire traveled from state to state, from small town to small town. The principal players of the troupe consisted of a family of three, a mother, father and girl-child. Night after night and matinée after matinee, the little girl, called Georgia, sat in the dusty wings or, alone among the audience, watched her mother and father in rôles running a gamut from Shakespeare to a light farce of the day. Most especially, this same little girl grown big told me, she reveled in her mother's interpretation in "Sunshine the Cricket." She would have denied most emphatically any suggestion that a super-



Both Photographs
by Joel Feder



Georgia Caine gained her first glimpse of the stage as a child, when she used to sit in the wings and watch her father and mother in barnstorming drama. So Miss Caine grew up in the flare of the footlights

woman could have done it better, or so well. Her admiration for both her parents, but most particularly for the dramatic ability of her mother, knew no bounds.

And as the years of childhood sped by, circuitously for the small Georgia, the smell of grease-paint, the flicker and flare of footlights, the scrape of the orchestral fiddle (when there was one), the applause out front, the vernacular of the life, all became a part of her blood and bone. It grew with her growth. She breathed it in with the dust of the theaters, with the dust of the roads.

It never occurred to her, sitting on chilly nights in the littered wing, watching her mother or father enact some well-known scene, that she would ever be anything but what her mother was. The stage was her home, her existence. She was a part of it as it was a part of her. Stranger she would be to any other mode of living. She evolved from the wings of the backstage to the footlights of the frontstage as naturally as a cocoon evolves into a butterfly—and as brilliantly. Save that she chose musical comedy for her forte, where her mother and father had been more of the dramatic school.

"How did you come to choose musical comedy with so different a background?" I asked.

We were having tea in a luster set in Miss Caine's dressing-room at the Knickerbocker Theater. Downstairs

(Continued on page 70)



Photograph (right) by Bachrach

Two Fascinating Centurions

Photograph (left) by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Two favorites of the revue atop the Century Theater are Muriel de Forrest and Jeanette Dietrich. Miss de Forrest is the young woman just above, while Miss Dietrich, who was the chorus girl that ran away with a musical comedy last season, is at the right

As Toward Mecca

By
Gladys Hall

IN Russia, among the Jewish people, where and of whom Ben-Ami was born and raised, there is a very delicate class distinction. All those who are not merchants are nobility. The parents of Ben-Ami were merchants. Hence, by this token, they were not of the nobility. Otherwise there is nothing remarkable to be noted of them. The light of the genius of Ben-Ami was fostered between uninspirational walls. It fed upon itself and grew.

Nor is there anything extraordinary noted of Ben-Ami in his childhood save an occasionally precocious remark in a prophetic or piercing vein. He had not the abortive fame of the child prodigy. He did not play *Hamlet* at a tender six; nor was he ever discovered gesticulating before his mirror. He seems to have been a silent, average child, outerly.

Doubtless, however all these formative years were but the delicate filaments on which were being recorded endless impressions and sub-impressions, subtle nuances of thought and feeling, emotions, gusty and feather-fine. Dreams eventually to be made dramatically manifest.

As he grew older he grew toward the drama, toward the theater. He saw in it not only his chosen art, but his appointed mission. He thought of it, at that time, only in terms, only in the Yiddish tongue of his own people. He perceived the neglect of the Yiddish theater. The rich traditions lying fallow. The splendid traditions waiting to be established. Most especially he conceived the idea of the *intimate* theater, a bond as well as a spectacle.

At the age of sixteen, in the town of Minsk, he joined the repertoire company of Balaieff and there played his first part—that of a cobbler's apprentice. He was supposed to fall asleep upon the stage. So literally did he sleep and so loudly did he snore that it became all but impossible for the residue of the cast to make themselves audible. Nevertheless, he had made his first faint, yet indelible mark.

His next step was with Peretz Hirschbein, also doing repertoire. Immediately Mr. Hirschbein, who is not only a producer but a poet and a playwright of fine distinction as well, perceived in the young Russian Jew the rare sediment of the still *rara avis*, genius. Together the flames of their idealism and hope for the Yiddish

Theater kindled and became as one. They toured Russia, playing in the Yiddish tongue. He spent six months in London. The war put a stop to the plays in the Jewish language.

It was Hirschbein who first suggested to Ben-Ami that America was the theater for *his* theater. In America he saw for Ben-Ami a vaster scope, a more widely tolerant audience, a freer limit.

He himself went ahead. Ben-Ami followed. He came alone. He was not greeted with fanfare and trumpeting. He was not acclaimed nor so much as received. In fact, there is some suggestion of the fact that he even had some slight difficulty in persuading the presiding officials that he was a desirable citizen. Such, at times, is the lowly investiture of the sacred flame.

Still, of course, he thought and spoke only in his native Yiddish. It was to the Yiddish theater of the East Side
(Continued on page 72)

Ben-Ami is distinctly the big personality of the present stage year. He was born in Russia and is now making his first appearance in English in "Samson and Delilah." Ben-Ami made his stage debut at the age of sixteen in the town of Minsk, in Russia, playing the rôle of cobbler's apprentice



Photograph by Bachrach Studios



The Pullman Porter Who Became a King

Eugene O'Neill's remarkable playlet, "The Emperor Jones," done by the ambitious Provincetown Players in Greenwich Village, brought forward a splendid negro actor, Charles S. Gilpin. From printers' devil to barnstorming, Gilpin fought his way to the New York stage, arriving as the faithful slave in "Abraham Lincoln." The Provincetown Players had the courage to give him his opportunity in the O'Neill study in primitive fear, revolving around a Pullman porter who becomes emperor of a South Sea isle

Photograph by Abbe

She's
Now
Mrs.
Haddon
Chambers



Both Photographs by E. O. Hoppe of London

Pepita Bobadilla, the South American divinity who has been a London stage idol these many months, is now Mrs. Haddon Chambers. Her secret marriage to the English playwright has just been announced



Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

"The Prince and the Pauper" Again



William Faversham has revived Mark Twain's pleasant romance, "The Prince and the Pauper," of the days when Elizabeth, later queen of all England in its merriest era, was but a princess. Mr. Faversham himself plays the swashbuckler, Miles Hendon, and gives a well-rounded performance. Ruth Findlay, as both Prince Edward and Tom Canty, is less successful

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

The Peril of Western Civilization

An Interview with Rabindranath Tagore

By Frederick James Smith

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *This interview was submitted to Dr. Tagore and has been approved by him. It may be considered an official message to the American people.*]

MY clearest impression of Rabindranath Tagore will always be of a patriarchal figure in flowing Eastern robes, standing between two odd Indian lamps upon a darkened stage. So he appeared during his New York lectures. But the Tagore we afterwards met, sitting writing at his desk in a hotel room, seemed much more of the present, yet strangely of the mystic Orient.

There is a remarkable note of aloofness in this philosopher and poet from India. He is as an understanding observer, seemingly watching the play of life from afar. His sympathy for humanity—the essence of his philosophy—runs thru and clouds everything he says.

"I am invariably asked, being a stranger in your land, for my impressions of America," began Dr. Tagore, talking rapidly with the clear, exact English of the foreign student. "But I feel that I must not fall into the pitfall of replying. First, the life of any country is of many sides. To an outsider it is all disconcerting and bewildering. This is literally my first visit, since, upon my previous stay, I rushed about by train or rested in hotels as secluded as possible. Even now I have not had the leisure to become familiar with America.

"India has suffered by the hasty judgments of travelers. Naturally, the unpleasant phases of life in a new land impress one first. And the annoying things stand out. It is obvious that the hurrying traveler draws a pessimistic picture merely because of his haste or his lack of care and sensitiveness.

"Actually, the greatest menace to world civilization of today lies in this lack of understanding between races and nations, this failure to bind the earth with the bond of humanity. This understanding alone can end war.

"Thus, to sum up your social life or customs would be an injustice. I am familiar with your literature in a measure. Naturally, all English literature is obtainable in India, altho we see but little of American. Since I left school when I was very young, teaching myself,



Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe of London

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

must make ready to welcome the new age and to ascertain its message.

"I do not know what this will be, but I do know that the foundation of the old régime has proved itself to be rotten. Something was radically wrong. As I see it, the Western mind is obsessed with the love of machines and of methods; and of the resultant power and wealth. It is crumbling because of this dependence upon machines, rather than upon personality.

"The leaders of this régime are in a perilous position. The only remedy, apparently as they see it, is to adjust the machine differently or to build a new machine. They look about hopelessly and create another machine—the League of Nations. But they fail to give humanity to the world.

"I frequently hear the comment made in the West that religion has failed. It is not that religion has failed but that the world has not been loyal to religion. Gradually the mind of the West has shifted, the stream of thought has moved away from religious ideals. It is as if a river had changed its course and left its bed. Now what you call your religion is just a dry and pebbled pathway. The stream of life is rushing along its course elsewhere.

"The world of the West has not been true to religion.

(Continued on page 68)

I took advantage of these books. Just as I became familiar with English life thru Swinburne, Matthew Arnold and Browning, I knew something of America thru Poe and Whitman. I think Walt Whitman is my favorite, for both his artistry as a poet and his message impress me.

"But one cannot judge another nation by its literature. Reading in another tongue creates a static quality. One cannot follow the growth of a literature without living in its environment—one cannot grasp the nuances, the delicate shadings and lights of a growing language without living with it."

Dr. Tagore turned to world topics. "The old régime of Western civilization is tottering. There are signs everywhere of the collapse. The world war has proved that it cannot work.

"We have the warning that the old age is on its deathbed and to prepare for its funeral. We

SHADOWLAND



NEW ENGLAND

*Pastoral camera study by H. V. Schieren
of Montclair, N. J.*

James Branch Cabell: Prospero!

By Benjamin de Casseres

THE rarest thing in literature is imaginative irony. It is the wedding of Beauty and Laughter. "Don Quixote," the book of Rabelais and "Gulliver's Travels" are supreme examples of imaginative irony. There is laughter in the work of Thomas Hardy, supreme seer; but it is the laughter of the Fates and Furies of Greek tragedy. It is the mockery of Brahma.

Imaginative irony has been almost totally unknown in America. Poe, Bierce, Huxner, Saltus, Mark Twain and, maybe, Stephen Crane—they are our only writers of fiction who have dared to tell us the ways of God with man. I refer to the Mark Twain of "The Mysterious Stranger," a great masterpiece of imaginative irony—one of the greatest of all time in any language.

James Branch Cabell is today in America the heir—the sole heir—of the laughing fire. He is a master of a certain witchcraft that makes those who read his pages gloriously uneasy. He is a delicious surprise. He is a windfall.

His "Jungen" fell out of the azure like a sunbolt. His "Cream of the Jest" and "Beyond Life" came like dawn at midnight. His "Domnei" is a challenge and a revolt.

Cabell's best work is a criticism of America—her books, her art, her politics, her deadly Philistinism and imaginative impotence. He pronounces a merry anathema on our works and days. He is a liberator.

He has already been beatified by excommunication. He quickly achieved the Index. He has been branded "Genius." In the Salem of forty-eight states he walks the Scarlet Lady. The Comic Spirit, which is the patron spirit of America, must be having the intellectual tickle and giggle of its life.

Cabell is the revolt of the Imagination against Facts. He makes of Imagination *the* Fact. He reduces, or raises, facts to the level of illusions.

He is far removed from the Spirit of the Times. The literary and scientific currents have not touched him. He will not "play the game." He is in full retreat—toward the eternal verities, Beauty, Romance, Irony, Adventure. That is all ye need to know, he seems to say.

In fifty years from now "Jungen" will be looked on as an event in our literary life as significant as the appearance of Walt Whitman or the production of "Hernani" in Paris,

when Victor Hugo overturned Mumbo-Jumbo in a night.

But to get the core of Cabell, to get his "doctrine," his significance, one must read his "Beyond Life." "Beyond Life" is Imaginative Illusion, the gorgeous lie that shall make us free.

The book is written in the form of a conversation and purports to be the opinion of John Charteris. But I can never review a book as a book. I can only review the ideas in it. All reading should be a collaborating of creative minds.

An instance of this occurs in "Beyond Life," wherein Cabell himself has recreated the legend of Cinderella, who is the heroine of the ideologic narrative.

Cinderella is Romance, the Will-to-Illusion, the supreme act of human Bovaryism, which is the art of conceiving life as it is not.

Ah! but Prince Charming! In life he comes to us all, but he is Satan disguised; but so long as Cinderella has her great day with him, what matter?

That's the irony of the little affair called Life. To be beyond life is to accept both Prince Charming and Satan—Illusion and Wisdom—and to say at the last, "All is well that ends."

Man desires to be Cinderella, not Gradgrind. It is Romance that he seeks. Give him each day his daily fiction. Christian Science has founded itself on this rock. Man is not a reasonable animal, and never wanted to be.

Appeal to his instincts and his imagination, and he will acclaim you. Appeal to his reason, and he will soon discover your "game."

"I lie; therefore I live," is a biological fact. Romance, and survive. The truth is always bad. Cinderella is poetry and faith. Mixed with romantic cynicism, life becomes an adventure and a vision.

"Beyond Life" should be the Bible of the younger literary generation of America. What we lack are wings. Live dangerously and write dangerously, dream dangerously and will dangerously! When will "Huck" Finn and Jungen be our patterns of life instead of Little Eva and Pollyanna?

Cabell challenges our civilization at every point. If Mencken is Peck's Bad Boy, Cabell is Siegfried-Prospero. But, unlike Prospero, he has conjured up no insubstantial world, but one founded on the solid (Continued on page 68)



Photograph by Bachrach Studios

ALAN DINEHART

One of our most entertaining younger actors—this season in "The Mirage"



Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe of London

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
The latest Portrait of the Playwright-Satirist

Mr. Jeremiah Sees It Thru

The New Books in Review

By Heywood Broun

SELF-REPROACH is the characteristic feature of all that is best in the latest crop of novels by native authors. Again and again the question is asked, "What is the matter with America?" and back comes the answer in four or five hundred pages. Seemingly, there is no lack of material for a reply. It is a little disconcerting, of course, for a reader who has gone thru some six or seven of these novels in rapid succession. Altho he was not quite one with Pippa in his feeling for the world, he had not realized that things were quite so bad until he read Sinclair Lewis and Floyd Dell and Sherwood Anderson.

But, if the cumulative effect of all this seems just a shade preposterous, there is no getting away from the fact that the faultfinders are doing the most significant work in American literature today. There is a considerable quantity of rhapsodical writing about life here in America, about the beauty and truth and sweetness of the country and the small town, but most of it is without much literary distinction. So far as the facts of the case go, this reviewer has no opinion. Never having lived in any other city smaller than Brooklyn, he is unable to tell whether Ohioan communities are as furtively wicked as Anderson would have us believe or Minnesota prairie towns as downright dull as Sinclair Lewis insists. All the reviewer can say is that, right or wrong, American novels of dissatisfaction are incomparably better written than those which may be classified as "Pollyanna and others."

"Main Street" of Sinclair Lewis, in particular, is exceedingly persuasive, because of the enormous amount of detail which Mr. Lewis has brought to his work. At the end of the book the reader has not only seen and heard Gopher Prairies, but he has run it thru his fingers. It is all there, from the trim lawns to the rubbish in the backyards. Sinclair Lewis has probably done a great novel. Concerning this, there may be controversy. Things of the first rank are always provocative of discussion. But there need be no controversy nor even much discussion of the fact that "Main Street" is an extraordinary piece

of reporting. No author has displayed a keener capacity for close observation than Lewis in a chapter in which he introduces his readers to the various little stores which make up the main street of Gopher Prairies. Before we are done we know Axel Egge's General Grocery Store, Sam Clark's Hardware Store, Billy's Lunch, The Bon Ton Store and Ye Art Shoppe. We know the people in them and what they say and what they think. Indeed, Sinclair Lewis has camped so closely upon the trail of Gopher Prairie that the reader sees the town waking and sleeping, at work and at play.

It is in its play particularly that Lewis finds the small town most inefficient. He finds that, at an evening entertainment, the young married folk of the town "sat up with gaiety as with a corpse." They were always waiting for the miracle of entertainment to descend upon them, but it never did. Even in the newer forms of diversion, which are supposed to have made small town life more endurable, there is no adequate escape. The automobile, for instance, might be a magical carpet which could carry the Gopher Prairieite to new landscapes and great open spaces, but it served no such purpose to the community.

To the people of whom Lewis writes, the automobile offered nothing more than a chance to go from their own little town to some other just like it and then back home again.

"Yep," Dave Dyer is talking, "I get a good time out of the flivver. 'Bout a week ago I motored down to New Wurttemberg. That's forty-three—No, let's see: It's seventeen miles to Belldale, and 'bout six and three-quarters, call it seven, to Torgenquist, and it's a good nineteen from there to New Wurttemberg—seventeen and seven and nineteen, that makes, uh, let me see: seventeen and seven's twenty-four, plus nineteen, well say plus twenty, that makes forty-four, well anyway, say 'bout forty-three or four miles from here to New Wurttemberg. We got started 'bout seven-fifteen, prob'ly seven-twenty, because I had to stop and fill the radiator, and we ran along, just keeping up a good steady gait—"

It may be seen that the
(Continued on page 60)



Photograph by Bachrach Studios

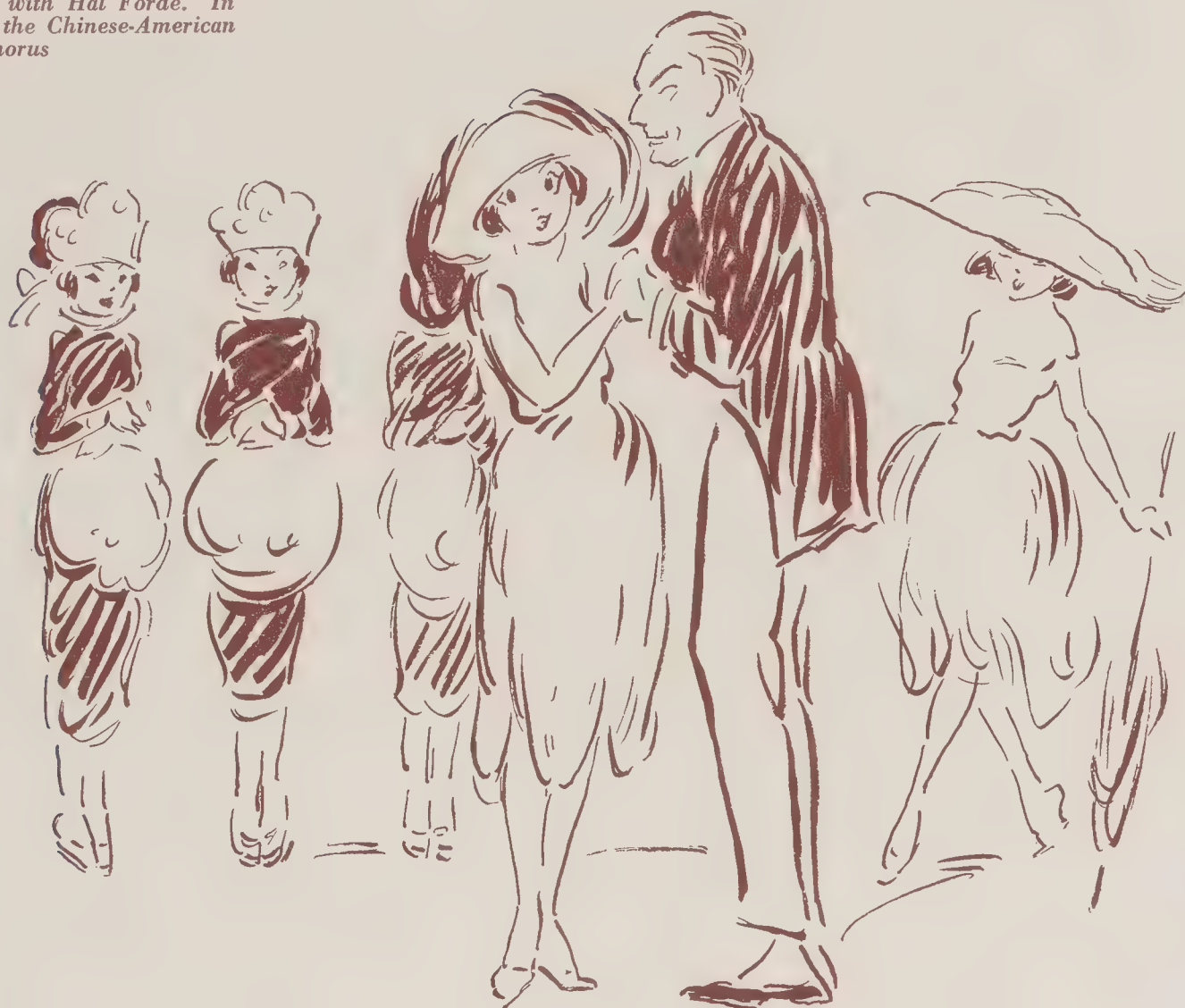
MARGARET MOWER

This season lending her unusual dramatic ability to
"Welcome Stranger"



Pretty Mlle. Marguerite, with the flash of old Spain in her dance, is the hit of the Efram Zimbalist operetta, "Honeydew," which is one of the season's Broadway successes. At the left is Mlle. Marguerite dancing with her partner, Frank Gill

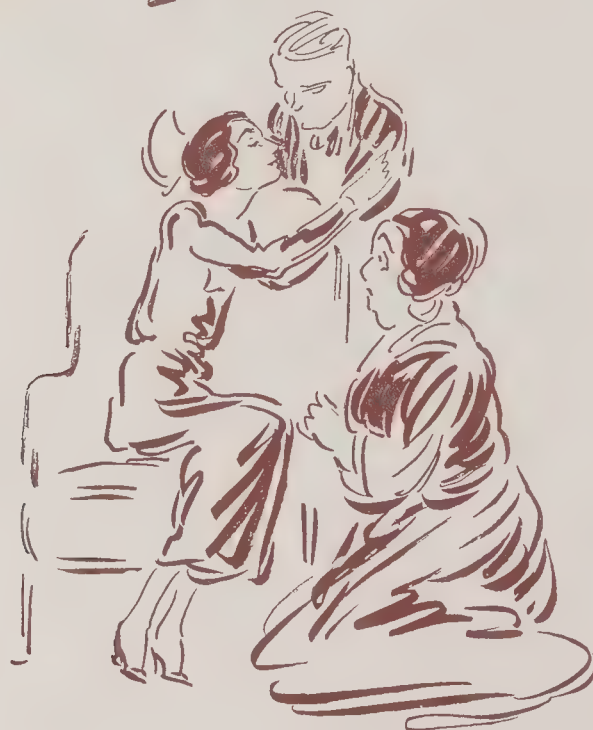
Just below is Ethelind Terry, one of the attractive principals of "Honeydew," indulging in a duet with Hal Forde. In the background is the Chinese-American chorus





That delightful study in temperament, "Enter Madame," has brought a very able actress, Gilda Varesi, into her own. Herewith is Miss Varesi as the piquant diva, Lisa Della Robia, indulging in flashes of temper—and temperament

SHADOWLAND Goes to the Theater



Ethel Plummer



At the left, Lisa (Miss Varesi) plays her wiles upon her phlegmatic husband, played by Norman Trevor—and plays them exceedingly effectively

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

A Visit to Eden

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

ON a very wonderful evening, when the sky was blue and rosy and golden, and dusk was stealing nearer with the slow and hesitating steps of a guest who knows himself unwelcome, Adam and Eve sat before the door of their thatched hut, resting from the heat and the labor of the day. And while the sky was slashed with glowing colors, and while the earth was quiet, and peaceful, and at rest, and the air mild and yet gratefully cool, Eve suddenly began to talk of Eden.

"Do you remember, Adam," she said, "how charming it was in Paradise? Of course, we cannot complain here; the scenery is fine, the hut is comfortable, and even you must confess that my furs are immensely becoming; yet in Eden things were somehow different. Do you remember how mysterious the pathways seemed when first bathed in sunshine, then flecked with little pools of golden light, and finally trailing off into some unknown darkness? In Eden we

always gazed into blue distances, always felt Eternity standing over and watching us with a slow and tender smile. And then the scent of the flowers and of the grass in Eden—how sweet, and sharp, and aromatic, how young, and intense, and alive! Really, I think the trees are taller there, and the grass greener, the sky higher and clearer and more open, and the stars starrier than anywhere else in the world. And how happy we were, how carefree, how foolish! Even the serpent was not altogether bad. I know, I know, he was fearfully malicious and he brought all our troubles upon us, but then you must admit that he was also very clever and amusing, and if someone is really clever and amusing we are apt to forgive him a good many sins. Oh, Adam, how I should love to see Eden again! Not that I should care to live there—but to make a visit to Eden—that would be wonderful. Just a short little visit! Don't you think, Adam, we could manage it somehow? Cain and Abel are sturdy youngsters now, and even if they are quarrelsome, I think we can safely leave them alone for a day or two, and the journey is short and pleasant



Photograph by Angelo, Budapest

VALERIE NISKA

In real life Mrs. Lucien Arthur Jones and a daughter-in-law of Henry Arthur Jones. She is appearing in films in Budapest and is shortly to come to this country

enough. What do you think, dear?"

"You forget the awful Cherub with the flaming sword," said Adam, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense," replied Eve impatiently. "If you do not want to visit Eden, say so outright, but do not make such ridiculous excuses. Cherubs can't be always awful, and swords can not flame forever, and the whole disagreeable affair is surely long forgotten. And then we do not want to settle in Eden, we simply want to make a visit there. That is, I want to, I want to escape from the humdrum of the grey everyday world and to rejoice, just for one day, in the bright unspoiled loveliness of the Garden. Of course, you—you can not understand such longings; you are, as always, utterly unsympathetic; I can never make you comprehend me." With these words she began to cry and poor Adam felt very uncomfortable.

Naturally, the next morning everything was arranged as Eve had wished and the couple started their pilgrimage

to the long-lost Eden. Soon they reached the gate of Paradise, and, really, the Cherub seemed very much pacified and did not make the slightest difficulty for them when they begged to be allowed to visit the Garden. Eve looked triumphantly at Adam, and with shining eyes and joyfully beating hearts the two entered the paradise of their youth and wandered again over the old and well-known paths which they had loved so much and so dearly. But—strange to say—the longer they wandered thru the garden the more surprised, bewildered and dismayed did they become, until Eve at last exclaimed:

"Is this Paradise? Why this is all quite different from what I remembered. It is all miserably small, and narrow, and uninteresting. Look, the very walls are crumbling; the whole place is old, neglected, and fallen into decay, and even our pathways are dull as dull can be. And the wonderful perfume of which I always dreamed, that typical and unique aroma of Eden—where to, tell me, has it disappeared? For mercy's sake, Adam, what has happened to our Paradise? How can it possibly have

(Continued on page 72)

It's a Mad World

The Lunatic is a Popular Stage Figure This Season

By Louis Raymond Reid

"IT'S a mad world," has been a popular generalization for decades. Uttered carelessly, irresponsibly, it summed up an opinion of universal chaos that has never as yet met successful refutation. A strangely appropriate silence always greeted the expression. It was the silence of agreement, of acceptance.

A special significance is attached to the four little words if your gaze is upon the theatrical horizon. For, if you are painstaking in your analysis of the stage season to date, you must admit that it is a great year for the mad. An actor can now boast with some truth at least that the whole world but himself is out of its wits, and he is not so sure about himself.

Take the trip along Broadway at your convenience and you will be taking a trip along a species of dramatized Matteawan. The madman, however, has not come into his theatrical own all of a sudden. He has been sitting for centuries at the right hand of the dramatists, directing the machinations of the *deus ex machina*, affording a refuge for the radical and revolutionary statements of his creator.

The madman on the stage, in short, has often been the voice of the playwright. Being conventionally classified as irrational and irresponsible, he could express himself any way he chose and, in the language of the philosophers, get away with it. No one would take offence at the ideas uttered, tho there are always squeamish souls who cannot endure caricatures of themselves. From Æschylus to Ibsen, the stage has afforded a hospitable asylum to the lunatic and it always will, because there will always be adventurous and daring men who, wishing to preserve their skins from the lashings of society's tyrants, see in the lunatic a medium to say what they think. And it requires a sense of adventure and bravery to say what one thinks in a world of hypocritical Pharisaism.

This season finds the lunatic more flourishing than ever. Visit "The Tavern" at the Cohan Theater and you will find a lunatic having the time of his life. It is a romantic lunatic—daft on the drama, it is said of him late in the play.

Portrayed by Arnold Daly, he possesses a picturesqueness, a philosophic quaintness, a fascinating blend of the real and the unreal that make him one of the most likable lunatics in years. How Arnold does revel in him! He forgets entirely that the wise men of the East once called him mad because he insisted upon presenting in an obscure and dilapidated playhouse the works of a new dramatist named George Bernard Shaw. He even forgets Shaw who once said of Daly, "He listens only when he talks." He utters rambling and incoherent bits of brilliance, he rhapsodizes upon mice and men. He is a vagabond, spiritually and physically, and the result is he is good entertainment.

It seems to me that once a madman has established the fact that he is good entertainment, he has justified his existence, his incarceration. Let an individual entertain the world long and soon he is captured and put away. That is why I expect to read any day of D'Annunzio's downfall. Was there not once a John Barleycorn, a Napoleon, a Dowie, a Jess Willard, a Carrie Nation—but why continue? The list is too long.

Seek further representations of theatrical lunacy and you will find Brandon Tynan, playing a libidinous fool in "The Mandarin" at the Princess. Never did the little Princess seem more like a clinic than on the occasion of this play's first performance, as the management scoured the town to enlist the support of the medicine men. And the doctors, mad about scientific progress in sex psychology, attended numerously, and the critics, mad that they had to interpret the ramifications of neurasthenia for their readers, attended because it was their duty.

Tynan appears in the rôle of an impossible lunatic who has but to wish for the love of a succession of beautiful women and it is granted him. The conquests, however, prove too easy. There is none of the zest of pursuit. And the end finds him on a bench outside an asylum longing for the old days when he could win love only by fighting for it.

William Faversham is responsible for another contribution to the (Continued on page 74)



Photograph by White Studios

ARNOLD DALY

As the lovable lunatic in the melodramatic satire, "The Tavern"



Film Stars in Germany

statue. She came to Berlin as the wife of the well-known German poet, Vollmüller, acted with astonishing success in his pantomime, "The Miracle," and then went over to the movies. Later, she divorced Vollmüller and married a Caucasian prince.

Her place in Berlin was taken by her compatriot, Erna Morena. She is not so beautiful as Maria Carmi, but is as lithe as a panther. She is excellently adapted to demoniacal feminine parts. And in certain situations she must appear to the quiet citizen as the personification of sin. Erna Morena is the wife of the revolutionary journalist, Wilhelm Herzog. And when one sees this lace-enveloped, luxurious beauty, one can hardly believe that it was her husband who wrote the most radical communist pamphlets during the German revolution.

From the Czechic frontier comes Mia May. Her husband is Joe May, of Vienna, manager and proprietor of the May Film Company. He was the first to dare to produce moving

pictures on a large scale in Germany. He knew that the public had a longing for splendor and majesty, so he began with a historical film, "Veritas Vincit," and made a tremendous success of this eight-reel

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Screen observers believe that Germany will be America's one serious contender in the motion picture world. Already, German productions are appearing in this country. Consequently, this description of popular Teutonic stars by a German screen authority will be of unusual interest.]

NO one in Germany is more famous today than actresses who are stars in the moving picture world. Even those who do not see many films cannot help being familiar with these favorites of the general public, thanks to the posters, newspapers and weekly magazines. From these pictures one learns the taste of the male world with reference to beauty in women. And it is very characteristic of German taste that most of these beautiful women are foreigners. All types are represented, the fairest northern women and the darkest exotic beauties.

The first famous film diva in Germany was the Danish actress, Asta Nielsen. The German screen was at its beginning when this woman played in the first motion picture dramas, under the management of her husband, Urban Gad. These were mostly plays of the lower classes, with very exciting and passionate scenes. Asta Nielsen's best acting is in the character of depraved women of the street, absinthe drinkers and the like. She acts with reckless realism. Every German knows her alluring, thin, pale face and dark eyes. But the public does not only want to see poor shop-girls and despicable women perishing in poverty. The masses demand beauty and pomp; therefore Asta found a dangerous rival in Henny Porten, a fair, stately figure with beautiful features; in a word, she is the typical great lady as imagined by the crowds.

If Henny Porten is a model of German womanhood, so Maria Carmi represents the Italian race in a glorious manner. She is a classic beauty, with features as regular as a marble



All photographs by Karl Schenker, Berlin



By Antonina Valletin

drama. Another play, "The Mistress of the World," has its scenes laid in all parts of the world, with a succession of the most improbable and fantastic events which keep the public to a high pitch of excitement from beginning to end. But in the midst of it one sees only Mia May, who makes all these eccentric adventures possible and probable, a striking woman with light hair and large bright eyes. Like a vision she glides thru dangerous and narrow Chinese alleys and appears like a fairy among the masses of dark African bodies. It is very difficult to picture this exotic actress as the mother of a married daughter. When she appears in her box at the theater, a blue fox skin over her splendid shoulders, there is an obvious whisper in the stalls and balconies. "That is the mistress of the world!"

It is hardly two years since a new star shone on the film horizon of Berlin, Pola Negri. She comes from Warsaw and perhaps some clever writer of scenarios will use the story of her career as the basis for a great play. She is already a countess, and who knows what romances await her in the future? She has a very expressive face, dark eyes, and is extremely temperamental. She has the greatest



Both photographs by Karl Schenker, Berlin

Mia May, above, is a German film favorite from the Czech frontier. Her husband, Joe May, was the first to dare pictures on a large scale in Germany. She was the star of his widely popular "The Mistress of the World." Left, Fern Andra, an American girl who is a German idol. She plays picturesque adventuresses. Herewith she appears as the butterfly siren of "Genuine"

luck imaginable and has at her disposal an ingenious manager, good scenarios, and the largest film company in Germany. As Carmen her passionate performance is amazingly realistic. In "Madame Dubarry," seen in America as "Passion," she made a lasting reputation for herself. She

shows with charming grace the career of this famous courtesan who rose from a shop-girl to be the mistress of a king. Her girlish figure is exquisite, either in a simple everyday dress, in boys' clothes or in pompous court costume. Now this beautiful red-lipped Pole has an engagement in America.

In the meantime an American, Fern Andra, is enabling the most modern German motion picture art to reach its climax. This pretty little woman has been restricted to rôles of adventuresses, which she plays with great vivacity. At present she is acting the title rôle in an impressionistic film, "Genuine." The substance of this amazing drama is as follows: The beautiful slave, Genuine, a member of the Persian Sect of Assius, lives in the fantastically furnished chambers of a rich but eccentric old man. (The designs for the scenery are made by the great futurist painter, Caesar Klein.) Like an imprisoned butterfly she beats herself against the sides of the cage. But the butterfly is a vampire, cold blooded and

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The Dean of the English Drama Speaks

An Interview with Henry Arthur Jones

By Frederick James Smith

AT sixty-nine Henry Arthur Jones presents an interesting example of the virile English leader of thought. He is a foremost playwright, indeed, the dean of the English dramatists. With the coming of the world war, he turned wholeheartedly to fight for patriotism as he saw it. Today he is combating, as best he can, what he considers the radicalism of leaders such as H. G. Wells. And yet this man has found vitality and time to come to America to consider motion pictures at first hand.

"I have five creative and constructive years before me—and enough dramatic material for twenty-five years," he told me. "I shall turn this into screen drama. Were I a young man I would most certainly go into the field of the cinema and learn it thoroly. As I am not, I shall do the best I can."

"The stage, in London at least," says Mr. Jones, "is essentially at a standstill. The war has left a lasting mark. Today the theater abroad is only concerned with light comedy. True, it has developed a charming school of drawing-room comedy. A current success, 'A Grain of Mustard Seed,' is an excellent example. But London theaters are not obtainable for the thinking drama. I have four completed plays and one of them may be done here by the Famous Players-Lasky organization, which controls both the stage and screen rights."

An interesting commentary, respectfully offered to the attention of that astute film critic, Mr. George Jean Nathan. The dean of English dramatic literature obtaining his hearing thru a film organization.

Mr. Jones has always been the moralist of the stage. Since his first play he has struck right and left at all self-appointed guardians of morality and at all shams—from smug self-righteousness and the hypocrisy of reformers to the menace of religious intolerance. All this thru the mediums of his "The Liars," "The Hypocrites," "The Dancing Girl," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "Michael and His Lost Angel" and innumerable other plays, numbering about eighty.

When the war came, Mr. Jones turned as vigorously to its problems. Recently he published "Patriotism and Popular Education," in which he attributes nearly all the



Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

tribulations of modern society—from the carelessness of the carpenter who slovenly repairs a desk drawer, to the world's low taste in art, drama and literature—to the failure of the system of modern education. As he expresses it:

"Our present system by its want of discrimination and specialization; by its blind worship of advanced 'general' education for every child, irrespective of his capacity to receive it, or to profit by it; its neglect to train hands and muscles to their proper work, and brains for their proper work; its fatuous discouragement of manual labor for healthy boys and girls, to their own life-long injury, and the injury of the State; its curious conceit that by tying children's hands behind their backs it quickens their mental activities, and that by depositing heaps of miscellaneous knowledge in their brains it swells their cerebral hemispheres,

and deepens the convolutions in the cortex; its vulgarization of our whole national life by spreading a dead level of spurious and superficial accomplishments—it is by the operation of these mischievous whimsies that our present system of Popular Education has, after two generations, trained every worker in the kingdom into active and ceaseless discontent with his work, and has stored a powder magazine under the foundations of civilization and order."

Mr. Jones naturally has very vigorous ideas upon political problems of today. He is, for instance, exceedingly skeptical of England's fate. Anything may happen, he believes. We know that the toppling of the kingdom and the formation of a soviet government would not surprise him. He thinks Lloyd George is Britain's one hope. As a whole, he approves the present strong Irish policy as necessary, whatever he may think of the method of its carrying out. That is, he approves of the way England permitted Terrance MacSwiney to die, but he does not approve of the bitter reprisal policy permitted by the British government in Ireland. Yet he says, "If we intend to govern at all, we must govern with a strong hand."

Mr. Jones regrets the unrest sweeping the world. His
(Continued on page 78)

Lulie

A One-Act Comedy

By George O'Neil

Author of "The Cobbler in Willow Street"

CHARACTERS

MRS. BORDEN WORDEN

BORDEN WORDEN, JR.

LULIE, his wife

MADAGASCAR, the parrot

FUGI-YAMA, the cat

COYPEL, the butler

A BABY AND A NURSE

A JANITOR.

SCENE: A room in an apartment; a large mid-west city. The furnishing and decoration is in taste but a shade exotic, imaginative, conforming in general to the period in which Chippendale discovered China. Delicate chairs and tables insinuate the Orient. Restrained color blooms unexpectedly in dusky corners to little carnivals of gratifying garishness. A tiny gilded Buddha against mauve here, the parrot on his perch there, catching a bouquet of sunlight, the silky white cat curved on the purple cushions of a chaise-longue, a strip of Chinese embroidery over the dark ebony of the piano,—all skillfully placed. A silvery bell rings. The parrot squawks.

MADAGASCAR:

Coypel! Coypel! Je ne suis pas chez moi! Coypel! Je ne suis pas! Je ne suis. . . .
COYPEL!

(The butler comes from a door at back and crosses to one at right).

COYPEL:

Sst, Criailleur! Chut!
(He admits Mrs. Worden, Sr., a small rounded woman whose face indicates a fretful existence.)

MRS. WORDEN:

Mmm, Coypel. Is Mrs. Worden at home?

COYPEL:

No, madame. She is out.

MRS. WORDEN:

When will she be back, do you know?

COYPEL:

No, madame. I cannot say, perhaps soon, perhaps not at all.

MRS. WORDEN:

Not at all?

COYPEL:

I mean not until very late, tonight, perhaps, madame.

MRS. WORDEN:

Well, I think I'll wait a while, at least. Perhaps Mr. Worden will be home soon.

COYPEL:

Yes, madame. Perhaps.

(He goes out. The parrot screams after him.)

MADAGASCAR:

Ne t'en vas pas, Coypel! Ne t'en vas pas! Je suis malheureux! Je suis malheureux!

"Mon oiseau, le beau Madagascar," said Lulie affectionately to the parrot. "Chante-t-il bien aujourd'hui?"



SHADOWLAND

MRS. WORDEN :

(*Frowning at the bird.*) Silly bird! Who teaches you to jabber so in French? Not that I cant guess. Why are you unhappy?

(*Madagascar is silent, scrutinizing his questioner.*)

MRS. WORDEN :

(*With a little shudder.*) How anybody can have you about I dont see. Ugly thing.

MADAGASCAR :

Fais-toi coiffer.

MRS. WORDEN :

(*Her hand flying to her hair.*) What!

MADAGASCAR :

Fais-toi coiffer. Va te faire coiffer!

MRS. WORDEN :

Infamous bird!

(*She pounces onto a chair. Madagascar breaks into a phrase or two of the "Liebestod." Mrs. Worden stops her ears with her fingers. She does not hear the key turn in the lock. Her son comes upon her unexpectedly as she sits, grotesquely stiff and tight-lipped. Borden Worden, Jr., is a kindly faced man of about forty, but his kindness is not prepossessing. His cheeks are too red and his eyes too prominent. He is growing a bit fat about the middle. All this is no phenomenal development of a broker's outwardness.*)

WORDEN :

Well, Mother, what's the trouble?

MRS. WORDEN :

(*Unstopping her ears.*) Borden, that horrible bird! Do you know what it's been saying to me?

Get your hair dressed. Go and get your hair dressed!

WORDEN :

(*Laughing.*) It doesn't know. It's only a parrot, you know.

MRS. WORDEN :

Yes, a parrot. It only repeats what it hears.

WORDEN :

Where do you suppose it heard that?

MRS. WORDEN :

Yes, where? Who teaches it to jabber French?

WORDEN :

Lulie likes to hear it, and Coypel, they're always rattling at each other.

MRS. WORDEN :

And heaven only knows what's said right under your nose.

WORDEN :

It's true I cant speak a word of French, but remember, Mother, Coypel is only the butler.

MRS. WORDEN :

And that thing, only a parrot, was singing Wagner—sensual music!—a minute ago.

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WORDEN :

It's a smart bird. Lulie isn't home, I suppose?

MRS. WORDEN :

Of course she's not. And the butler tells me it's probable she wont come home at all or until midnight.

WORDEN :

Where is she today?



MRS. WORDEN :

Where is she today? Where is she any day? Who knows? Except when I read on the front sheet of the newspaper that she's been arrested for reckless driving, I never know what she's doing. Except when someone comes to tell me how she's—

"My God, Lulie," exclaimed Worden. "Lulie, what have you done?" asked Mrs. Worden. Lulie answered them both with politely interrogative silence

WORDEN :

Never mind, Mother. Dont excite yourself.

MRS. WORDEN :

It's time you hear some of the plain truth, Borden, about Lulie and the way she—

WORDEN :

It's no use, Mother. Have you seen the baby? Is he here?

MRS. WORDEN :

I don't know. I never ask any more. The child isn't

WORDEN :

The baby's all right, Mother. Lulie knows.

MRS. WORDEN :

Knows! What does she know about it? When does she see it? She never touches the child. Gives a few directions to the nurse in the morning and then flies off in her mad pursuit of frivolity. It's disgusting, Worden, and if you won't listen—

WORDEN :

Please, Mother, here comes Coypel.
(The butler enters laden with many boxes of numerous sizes and shapes.)

COYPEL :

Pardon, M'sieur, these are for Madame.

WORDEN :

Well then, take them to her room, Coypel.

COYPEL :

But, M'sieur, the man at the door will not leave them unless they are paid for. C.O.D. he says.

WORDEN :

Nonsense; tell him—

MRS. WORDEN :

But it's not nonsense, Borden. That's why I'm here today. You'll have to pay for those things if you want them left.

WORDEN :

Why—

MRS. WORDEN :

(Glancing in the butler's direction.) Give Coypel the money or have him send the man away with the boxes.

I should advise the latter, it will teach her—

COYPEL :

Pardon. The bill is three hundred dollars, M'sieur.

(Worden frowns, sits at a desk where he scribbles a check. He gives this to the butler who goes out.)

MRS. WORDEN :

How foolish of you to write a check without even asking what was in the boxes.

WORDEN :

What good would that have done?

MRS. WORDEN :

I suppose they're preposterous clothes, or perhaps some new animals.

I notice the menagerie has dwindled. What's become of the wolfhound and the pet raccoon?

WORDEN :

Somebody poisoned the dog, the other beast bit Lulie the other day so she's given it to the zoo.

MRS. WORDEN :

Great heavens! What a daughter-in-law to have!
(From the street the loud sound of a motor exhaust is heard thru the open windows.)



home a minute of the day. Out in all kinds of weather, rain, hail, snow, being pushed and dragged about the country.

WORDEN :

Lulie likes it to have lots of air, health—

MRS. WORDEN :

Health! The child's dying by inches, being killed by her ridiculous fads! I've tried to reason with her, told her what my doctor says, but she pays no more attention to me than if I were—



"Coypel, regardez," exclaimed Lulie. "I am sitting on the floor. I have been thrown here. Monsieur's hair is mussed, his face is red, his cravat is crooked. Comprenez vous?"

This is notable in many ways. First of all, she is dressed in a very bright yellow, something suggesting the Russian in fashion. Her hair is short, curling out from a vivid toque, and is stained and unnatural, but an effective shade of red-gold. Her head is small, exquisitely poised on the slight throat. There is nearly always an expression in her face of artless wonder; this is created by the dark arched eyebrows and the little upward lift of her lip, but it is disturbed by the rather insolent stare she fixes on any one who speaks to her. There is an amazing dissonance in the bizarre chord of Lulie's ensemble today; over her arm she carries a market basket. In this there is an assortment of vegetable greens, but trailing the handle and spraying out to one side is a wide sheaf of snowy narcissi.

She stands a moment in the doorway. When she speaks

WORDEN:

That's Lulie.

(He goes to the door. Mrs. Worden settles uneasily on her chair. Lulie enters. She is tall, lithe and lovely, but certainly unique in her appearance.

it is in a very small slow voice like a child who is not interested in what it says.)

LULIE:

Good afternoon, Mrs. Worden. (She goes to the parrot-perch.)

Mon oiseau, le beau Madagascar. Chante-t-il bien aujourd'hui?

(The bird mutters affectionately. Lulie takes from her basket a shining red apple which she holds for the parrot to peck at.)

Voici un bonbon pour mon amour.

MADAGASCAR:

(Between bites at the fruit.) Il pleure dans mon cœur . . . Quelle est cette languur? . . . Il pleure dans mon cœur!

WORDEN:

My God, Lulie!

MRS. WORDEN:

(With a kindred expression.) Lulie, what have you done? (Continued on page 61)

The Flash of Ben-Ami and the Sparkle of Shaw

By The Critic

OUT of the avalanche of incoming plays during the holidays stands a new figure of the American theater, Jacob Ben-Ami. Thru the discernment of that leader of our drama, Arthur Hopkins, Ben-Ami made the step from the Yiddish stage to the English language in a translated importation, "Samson and Delilah," by one Sven Lange.

The play is of little moment, but the début of Ben-Ami is likely to be of extreme consequence. In it the young Jewish actor plays a poet whose hopeless struggle to keep his art and his wife finally bring him to madness and self-murder. The Lange drama seems fustian and theatrical. Perhaps, as one critic pointed out, the brilliance of Ben-Ami lifted the rôle, until an ironic intent, to show an inferior poet helplessly beating his wings against the imprisoning bars of Philistinism, was lost. At least, the tragedy falls far short of anything like compelling force.

But Ben-Ami is singularly successful. In the first moments he does not appeal to one but his art quickly reaches across. With superb strokes he paints the poet's pre-occupation, his sensuality and his conflict of emotions. He touches a splendid height in his reflection of a bewildered and tortured soul in the climax of the second act.

The critical reception of Ben-Ami, in a measure, was amusing. With one breath they pronounced him promising. In reality he is no novice but a graduate of the fine training school of the Russian theater who is making the transition from one tongue to another. Since, by one stroke, he assumed a forefront position on our stage, an inevitable comparison is made with John Barrymore.

Now Ben-Ami will never achieve the matinee-idol popularity of John Barrymore. He is not personally attractive. Where Barrymore is highly effective for his stricken grace, his morbid self-centering and his white profile, surfacing a fine sensitiveness and discrimination, Ben-Ami is of poles apart. His work is of electrically nervous eloquence, his face is an expressive mask seemingly capable of expressing the pathos of the ages, and about him there is a plasticity of pose which fits the mood of every scene. Oddly, but not unjustly, he has been mentioned in the same breath with Charlie Chaplin. And truly, for there is, slumbering beneath the surface, the same sorrow of humanity. Just now Ben-Ami's playing is unbroken and unspoiled by Broadway. As one critic expressed it he is still "among those to whom art is bread and beauty and prayer."

Thus it is that in the midst of our theatrical holidays, our stage is torn by the problem, as expressed by James Huneker, of "Ami or Ami not." We look forward to his next rôle with tremendous interest.

Mr. Hopkins has presented "Samson and Delilah" admirably. There are appropriate Robert Edmond Jones settings and the supporting playing is more than adequate. We resent certain critical comments anent Pauline Lord's playing of the errant wife. Several writers noted it as passive and ineffective. To our way of thinking it is so real that it seems weak. Moreover, we admire Miss Lord's conception of the rôle as a shrewd woman who feigns helplessness and timidity to cover her craftiness; in other words, she made her a delicately fibered woman of business. And E. G. Robinson's playing of the theater director has both poise and distinction.

We congratulate Mr. Ben-Ami and Mr. Hopkins.

George Bernard Shaw always intrigues our interest and the world première of his "Heartbreak House," done by the Theater Guild, had unusual potentialities for us. In "Heartbreak House" Shaw has taken a number of characters representing different types significant as a

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An impression of Ben-Ami in "Samson and Delilah," by Aurelie Asten

Swans' Wings of 1921 Contest

ASPIRANTS to cinema celebrity who wish to enter thru the portals of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921 are now showering the offices of the contest headquarters with a gratifyingly large number of artistic photographs. The East, the West, the North and the South, not only of the United States, but of the world, are represented by these photographs and letters. This contest began immediately upon the close of the last one and will continue thruout the winter and summer.

Men and women of wealth, of social prominence, of professional, artistic and dramatic ability, shop-girls, and boys and girls of small towns and country, who have never been away from home, send in photographs and letters expressing their strong desire to enter the movies.

It need not be thought that the winners will be those whose portraits show them attired in elaborate dinner gowns or evening clothes. In fact, it is frequently the



Top, Alyeen Taylor, of Little Rock, Arkansas; left, Yvonne Gwendolyn De Veny, of Chicago. Two honor roll Fame and Fortune contestants

opposite. Simple frocks or coat suits on the women and neat business suits on the men do not detract from the beauty of expression or perfection of feature.

The guarantee of the contest is an engagement for each of the winners and two years' publicity in the three magazines of the Brewster Publications. This publicity alone is enough to guarantee screen success to anyone with the least spark of ambition and talent. Interviews accompanied by photographs, cover portraits in color, special articles and picture pages and photographs in *SHADOWLAND*, *Motion Picture Classic* and *Motion Picture Magazine* will put the winners in the homes of practically every fan in the country and in thousands of homes in England, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, China and Japan. And this continues for two years. Such publicity could not be attained alone and single-handed thruout years of endeavor, for it is something that ordinarily comes only as the result of arduous effort and successful achievement. With the ambitious person it means fame and fortune forever!

When you read this do not think it refers to someone else. It means *you*. If you have good features, a charming smile, a winning personality, and some dramatic ability — a thing you may possess unconsciously — who can say to what

Photograph
by De Haven

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My Lady Fashion

By The Rambler

EACH year, people who can afford to do so are spending more and more time in their country homes. They stay on thru autumn frosts, early winter snows. There are gay week ends, one after the other, and finally a real country Christmas. But, with the passing of the holiday season, the world of society and fashion returns and flings into a mad whirl of city life—and the winter season is on.

In the great metropolis, society, fashionably garbed, goes, because it is the thing to do, to the opera. Of course, the real music lovers—speaking every tongue of every land—fill the space far back of the orchestra seats and crowd the galleries to the roof. But the boxes in the proscenium arch, the best rows of orches-



Photograph (above) by Old Masters' Studios
Photograph (left) by Crosby Studios

tra chairs on the first floor hold their place as the social and musical center of New York.

The sunburst of a giant chandelier gleams and flashes to the river of diamonds round the circle of boxes, the great floor audience. All the colors of all the loveliest fabrics in the world are to be seen. The vogue for midnight gowns has passed and the winter months are making a display of hues and materials that make an Arabian Night's bazaar of the dim gold and maroon opera house.

It is significant that the modest decolletées are dominant. Of course, those who have exceptionally good backs will not be vanquished. They still copy as best they may Kipling's description of Gunga Din's costume when he was a water carrier:

"The uniform he wore

Wasn't nothing much before

And rather less than 'alf of that be'ind."

But the fact remains that this year is seeing a more modest decolletée than has any year for a long time. In some cases, one covered expanse means an exposed expanse elsewhere in the case of no decolletée, the gown having no sleeves. On the whole, however, arms are very liberally sheathed. With a few exceptions, everyone wears long white kid gloves or black or suede.

Top, Harry Collins gown of brocaded satin and tulle. Posed by Elsa Carroll. Left, combination of Georgette crepe, hand embroidered. Posed by Helen Lee Worthing



STRIKING MODELS IN VELVET

Velvet is the most conspicuous material and is seen in princess gowns of regal cut and length. These gowns differ from the old-time princess in that they exploit the uneven hem and erratic train. We noticed a heavy velvet of folly red draped about the figure in such a way that one side was ankle length and the other calf length. The cloth of gold train, quite unorthodox, was not trained in the way it should go but sloped from the right shoulder.

Another interesting model was developed in old blue velvet. It had a very full skirt gathered into the bodice at a low waistline. There was a belt of jewel-studded silver tissue and this trimming also formed bands down the sides of the skirt. The frock was sleeveless.

A far cry from the backless gowns of last year is a velvet gown of this year high throat in back and front. This effect was achieved by long velvet panels.

WHITE VELVET

There is a marked taste for white and black, sometimes singly, sometimes in combination, and often relieved by bright bits of color. Dictators of fashion have revived for the evening dress *de luxe* for the winter season, the old-fashioned type of pure white velvet, which for many years was confined to millinery. It is closely woven, smooth, not thick, but with wonderful depth of tone, costly, difficult to secure and durable even unto the third generation. When our great-great grandmother wore it for her best Sunday bonnet, it was woven in narrow width, but today it is made in convenient width for dresses.

These gowns are usually made with straight, simple lines, sleeveless, with pointed décolletage and loose draped girdle often ending in a panel which forms a one-sided train. With no attempt to paint the lily, there is no trimming except a bit of hand embroidery on the girdle and outline of the décolletage.

Other interesting variations of the preference for black and white is found in many lace models. Black and white lace, combined

Evening gown of silver and white brocade with sequins and silver beads. Posed by Sadie Mullen

Photograph by Binger Studios

white satin and black, and white lace combined with black satin. One successful black and
(Con'd on p. 75)

THE HOME-LANE

By J. Corson Miller

I know a lane where pine-trees sway,
and tall, red sumacs sleep,
The path is lined with velvet moss, there
twining lichens creep—
There robins sing quaint even-songs, and
stars old vigils keep.

The moonlight's kiss falls tenderly upon
that peaceful lane,
Love greets me at the open door, like
sunshine after rain,
For when I see Her shining eyes, I know
I'm home again.

The home-lane, the love-lane, the chil-
dren by the fire,
The eager feet that run to me, when of
the world I tire,
Their childish tales of innocence—these
fill my heart's desire.

The world has paths that lead to power,
and ways that stretch to fame,
And many crossroads point to wealth,
and some go down to shame —
I sing the waiting arms of Her, when
sunset's banners flame.

Of all the lanes in all the world, praised
high in speech or tome,
That men may walk in Youth's fresh
prime, or in Life's twilight-gloom,
Give me the lane to Love's own heart—
the lane that leads to home.

ORIENTAL FANTASY

By Le Baron Cooke

Sometimes the sky
Is like a huge
Blue parasol,
Spread over a bazaar
Of gay and squeaking
Marionettes. . . .

PIERROT'S SONG

By Dorothy Page

Love is the star-shine that dies before
dawn,
Love is the sigh for Love's laughter,
Love is a dagger thrust deep in the
heart,
Love is the life it seeks after.

Love is a flame that leaps high—to its
death,
Love is to wake from dreams, crying.
Love is the scent of a rose that must
fade,
Love—is the hurt of Love dying.

VESPER-TIME

By Ivan T. Dowell

When the silver smoke of twilight
Day's last hour with dreaming fills,
And the sun's last lingering highlight
Tints the hills,

There's a thought cannot be spoken
Save by shadow of a kiss;
There's a mood that has no token
Saving this.

POETRY

OUT OF THE SILENCES

By Betty Earle

Out of the silences
Dusky and strange,
All the wind-symphonies
Stoop to arrange
Strains that would torture me
Here in the silences—
Sobs that importune me
Never to change.

How I had wanted sheer
Time to untrace
All the undaunted, dear
Strength of your face;
How I had hungered that
Never again
Might a harsh wonderment
Quicken to pain.

Now in the silences
Dusky and blue,
Weaves the wind symphonies
All my heart knew;
Now as they sobbing go
Into the silences,
Hear my heart throbbing so
Wildly for you!

SOUVENIR

By Maude Burbank Harding

His room, of course,—the mission bed
Where he first learned to pray:
His cap, his bat, his fishing-rod—
More sad than tears can say:
But harder than all else to bear,
Winding its lonely way,
A little path comes home at night,
From where he used to play.

KWOON YAM

(Chinese Goddess of Mercy)

By Philip Benjamin Reister

By the paleness of the moon
On the shores of that lagoon
Where the spreading lotus lies,
Where the blue kingfisher flies,
Walks Kwoon Yam—
Kwoon Yam of Miu Cheong,
Kwoon Yam the virtuous one.

In the stillness of the night,
When the slender moon is bright;
Where the water-lily lies,
Where the tall valerians rise,
Sleeps Kwoon Yam,
Kwoon Yam the beautiful,
Goddess so merciful.

By a thousand arms and hands,
In the far-off Eastern lands;
Where the strange pagodas rise,
Where the golden pheasant flies,
Reigns Kwoon Yam—
Kwoon Yam of Miu Cheong,
Kwoon Yam the virtuous one.

THE LOVER SPEAKS

By J. Corson Miller

You are a theme of the wind's wild
music,
When the city's streets are blind with
rain;
You are a note in the springtime's
laughter,
And a sob in the summer's pain,
And I know, tho I flee, I will turn soon
after,
And woo you again.

You are a star in the purple twilight,
And swift and sure as an eagle's wings,
I feel your presence close beside me,
When the silence leaps and sings.
You are a lamp that cleaves thru the
darkness,
And a kiss that clings.

You are the dawn-flame over the moun-
tains,
The sunset's smile on a brooding sea;
You are the glamour of the fragrant
moonlight
In the summer's witchery.
And, lo, like a cloak that is rich with
comfort,
You cover me.

And I bow my head 'neath the apple-
blossoms,
While the listening shadows hear my
prayer;
As I give deep thanks to the Lord of
Lovers,
For the boon of you who are fair:
For the joy of your face, and the heart
in your bosom,
And the touch of your hair.

THE CLIMBER

By Le Baron Cooke

Up the heights,
Toward the peak of promise,
Climbs a figure:
The shadow of a hope.

VISITANT

By Le Baron Cooke

O gay little House!
You had not thought
That one might come
At dusk, and knock,
With heavy hand,
Upon your door.

MORE THAN STARS

By Betty Earle

Blue
And muffled gold
And red:
Stars are more than stars, they said.
Red
And leaping blue
And gold:
Stars are loves that stayed untold.
Gold
And bleeding red
And blue:
Stars are hearts that never knew.

Mr. Jeremiah Sees It Thru

(Continued from page 43)

author is singularly felicitous in accurate observation of talk, but his inferences are somewhat more open to dispute. The story of "Main Street" is of the simplest. Carol Milford, a young librarian in Minneapolis with some rather vague literary and artistic aspirations, meets Dr. Will Kennicott, a rising country doctor some fifteen or twenty years her senior. After a brief courtship, they marry and go to Gopher Prairie to live. From the start Carol finds the flat little town almost suffocating, but at first she is borne up by the thought that she will be able to mold it nearer to her heart's desire. She pictures it made over in body and mind. Presently she finds that Gopher Prairie doesn't want to be made over. Far from considering the Bon Ton store a hideous eyesore, it regards it as a live and up-to-date emporium. The people of the town take no shame in not liking or knowing the sort of plays and books and pictures in which Carol is interested. Indeed, they pride themselves in having no use for such truck.

Carol makes a modest beginning by trying to make her husband appreciate poetry and manages to make him listen to a little Kipling by accentuating the rhythm to such an extent that he can beat time; further than that she never reaches. She plans to liven up the town by organizing a dramatic club which shall perform "Androcles and the Lion," or something by Dunsany, but she is voted down and the play chosen is a little piece called "The Girl from Kankakee." Her efforts to make the town build a new school house and generally beautify itself result in nothing except that she is allowed to help in planting a new flower-bed by the depot.

It may be seen by this time that altho Gopher Prairie was just as dull as Carol found it, she herself must have been a rather tiresome person. Unquestionably, she thought of herself as an uplifter and desired the town to do all sorts of things, which it didn't want to do, simply for the good of its soul. Culture is not to be acquired in any such way. A thing must be fun first, before it can be art. Carol is, in the last analysis, from the same stuff as Main Street itself. Perhaps that is the tragedy of the vague and unsuccessful groping for culture which is carried on by tiresome and self-conscious little people in tiresome and self-conscious little towns. The tragedy is none the less acute from the fact that the person who would reform the town has nothing better to offer than a warmed-over canned culture.

The only fault which may be found with Sinclair Lewis in all this is that he does not quite realize how much of a prig is his Carol. He is so intent upon

the beams of Gopher Prairie that he does not altogether realize the mote in his heroine. Naturally, the book ends indecisively and unhappily. Carol makes one break for freedom and goes to Washington to engage in war work. Then she comes back to Gopher Prairie, broken but not reconciled.

Some may assail the book as destructive rather than constructive in tone. It makes a convincing case against the dullness which afflicts a large part of American life, but it offers no adequate way out unless you choose to side with Carol and think that an injection of Shaw and a dose of Dunsany is all that is needed to make us new Athenians. No way out should be offered because there isn't any. At least nothing that can be planted today and gathered next week. Generations are required to teach a people to live fully and joyfully. Perhaps we haven't even begun to climb yet. It may be that first we shall have to go thru with newer and more onerous blue laws, but in the end man and woman will inevitably get a good time out of life. It may be a long pull or a short one, but it is something older and more enduring than constitutional amendments and it must prevail. Books like "Main Street" serve some slight purpose in the journey. They indicate that we are still far from our destination.

"Moon-Calf," by Floyd Dell, is somewhat different in treatment, altho related in theme. This is a book about a hero and not a heroine. Felix Fay is a dreamer who never quite understands life nor is understood by it and yet he manages to make an armistice with it for the most part. Sometimes he is bruised, but he is not crushed. After all, he requires no such literal fruition of his dreams as Carol Kennicott does. His empire is within himself. Like "Main Street," "Moon-Calf" is not a mechanically rounded story with a beginning and an end. The boyhood and adolescence of Felix is traced for us with great insight and beauty, particularly the chapters about boyhood, concerning which Floyd Dell seems to have rare understanding. Later we see the dreamer trying to make a living and not adapting himself very well to his industrial environment. Still later he is a poet and a dramatic critic, but even in such trades his wings are cramped a little. Finally, he discovers love, but this, too, is marred with the same inadequacy as the rest of life. In it he finds a new threat against freedom. Here is still another force by which the dreamer and the adventurer may be bound. And so the break comes, and at the end of the book we find Felix off for Chicago, alone, to try his mettle in a new world.

The book seems to us an extraordinary

study of character. Few novelists of our day have ever realized any person so completely as Dell has realized Felix Fay. It is a signally fine achievement in its treatment of boyhood. Tarkington has done more amusing sketches in his Penrod stories, but they are not so true. Penrod is a boy seen by a sympathetic grown-up. He is always on dress parade. He is shown off for readers as he might be shown off before relatives. Dell's young Felix Fay is a boy seen by himself. The book is not so vivid in picturing a background as "Main Street," but this is inevitable since Fay is a much more misty dreamer than the sharp-eyed Carol Kennicott. In neither book is there more than a rudimentary story. Unfortunately, truth is not to be wooed with tales. Life doesn't fall into layers conveniently for the fictionist. Naturally, we all want at some time or another to read of the swordsman who holds all the minions of the duke at bay, or the country lad who invents a patent window fastener and makes a million from it, but such stories may generally be set down as light diversion. Our faultfinders seem to be on the road to the creation of more enduring stuff.

Still, we must admit that after a bit we were just a trifle tired of hearing about the shortcomings of our day and so we turned with interest to Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence." Here we supposed we should find a lively story of the New York of another generation, when the theater was still an adventure and the word "reform" had not yet been put into practise. "The Age of Innocence" is amply lively, but once again we found that life was not nearly what it should be. Fifth Avenue of the eighteen seventies seems to have been almost as dull a thorofare as the Main Street of Sinclair Lewis's Gopher Prairie. Again we find the dreamer bound and circumscribed by his environment. Newland Archer is an understanding person in a community given over to all sorts of meaningless social conventions. He marries in haste, because the young woman is distinctly eligible and both families desire the match. Then he repents in haste when he meets the beautiful Countess Olenska, who has fled from her brute of a husband in Poland. There is much sighing, but nothing comes of it, for Archer decides in the crisis of his affairs that he must conform and stick by his wife. Countess Olenska goes to Paris. At the end Mrs. Wharton tries to convince us that Archer never regretted his sacrifice. Writing of a period thirty years after the Countess and Archer broke their hearts and said good-bye, she pictures him as grieving for his wife who

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(*Lulie answers them with politely interrogative silence.*)

WORDEN:

Your hair!

MRS. WORDEN:

It's red!

LULIE:

Oh, my hair, yes. I did it myself. Dont you think it's a nice shade?

WORDEN:

Why, in the name of heaven?

MRS. WORDEN:

When you cut it, Lulie, that was bad enough. This is—

LULIE:

It's not quite the tint I was after. I wanted this.

(*She selects an ear of corn from her basket, showing them the silky tassel.*)

Corn-silk red. You wont find that color in anything else.

(*She puts the basket on the piano and goes to a mirror, removing her hat, fluffing her hair.*)

WORDEN:

It's terrible, Lulie.

LULIE:

I like it. Even Coypel liked it.

MRS. WORDEN:

Coypel!

LULIE:

But Mrs. Worden, he's been around, you know. Every Frenchman knows about women, anyway. You'd be amazed if I were to tell you how I try out little things on Coypel.

WORDEN:

Where in the world have you been?

LULIE:

Marketing.

MRS. WORDEN:

Is there any reason why you must go yourself, with a basket over your arm? It looks a little odd, to say the least.

LULIE:

But I like to go; that's the reason. In Paris, Mrs. Worden, when I was only a child, I used to beg Mama to let me do the marketing I loved. The clean red meats, cut and hung up, the smell of the vegetables and the people. Every old marchand in the neighborhood knew me.

MRS. WORDEN:

You didn't see many people you knew in the market today?

LULIE:

I go to the public markets down by the river. It's interesting down there.

Lulie

(Continued from page 54)

MRS. WORDEN:

And a trifle dirty, I imagine. You dont buy the baby's food there, I hope.

LULIE:

The baby eats what we eat.

MRS. WORDEN:

I hope you're exaggerating.

WORDEN:

She is, a little, Mother.

LULIE:

Well, yes. He doesn't take salads. Rich dressings dont seem to appeal to him. Fugi-yama, come here, pretty kiten, yes.

(*She picks up the cat.*)

He isn't well today. What is it, Fugi-yama? Tell me.

(*She buries her face in the animal's white fur.*)

MRS. WORDEN:

There's something I'd like to talk to you about, Lulie.

LULIE:

Yes, Mrs. Worden?

(*Still holding the cat, she arranges herself on the chaise-longue and lights a cigaret with one-handed adroitness.*)

WORDEN:

(*Stirred to uneasy wandering.*) Mother came to see the baby. Where is he, Lulie?

MRS. WORDEN:

It isn't that. It's about the shops. My credit—

LULIE:

What on earth have I to do with that, Mrs. Worden?

MRS. WORDEN:

We have the same name.

LULIE:

Yes?

MRS. WORDEN:

If, in the future, when you're shopping, you'd remember to say Junior—

WORDEN:

What do you mean, Mother?

MRS. WORDEN:

Today, in three shops where I have been a customer for more than twenty years, they refused, refused—do you hear?—to sell me anything!

WORDEN:

It cant be true.

MRS. WORDEN:

It's true enough. Can you imagine my humiliation?

LULIE:

How did they excuse it?

MRS. WORDEN:

By telling me with polite insolence that my bills had been unpaid too long.

WORDEN:

It could easily be explained—

MRS. WORDEN:

I interviewed the heads at once. They showed me charges incurred by Mrs. Borden Worden for all kinds of eccentric purchases. Some of them—

LULIE:

The sort of things you wouldn't buy, Mrs. Worden.

MRS. WORDEN:

Exactly. The sort of things that really shouldn't be sold, in some instances. It was exceedingly unpleasant.

WORDEN:

Why haven't you given me your bills, Lulie?

LULIE:

Haven't I?

WORDEN:

More than I enjoy. Yes.

LULIE:

That must be why I forgot some of them. It makes you so unhappy to spend money.

WORDEN:

Do you need all the things you buy?

LULIE:

Everything I think of is something I need very badly, Borden. But you dont understand; does he, Fugi-yama?

MRS. WORDEN:

I hope you'll be careful hereafter. Remember I am Mrs. Worden, Senior.

LULIE:

Oh, yes, I'll try.

MRS. WORDEN:

If you will just think of that often, please—

(*Lulie goes to the piano. She begins something of DeBussy.*)

This is too much, Borden.

WORDEN:

Mother, what is it now?

MRS. WORDEN:

She's being deliberately rude to me, cant you see?

SHADOWLAND

WORDEN:
Nonsense. You imagine it.

MRS. WORDEN:
Imagine! Well then, you countenance it, I suppose.

WORDEN:
Please, Mother, don't begin—

MRS. WORDEN:
Oh, yes. You'll let me be insulted. You've been blinded. You don't care about anything anymore!
(*She looks defiantly at Lulie who plays on, ostensibly unheeding.*)

WORDEN:
Lulie.
(*She plays on.*)
Lulie!
(*She frowns but does not stop.*)

MRS. WORDEN:
I'll go.

WORDEN:
Mother's going, Lulie.

LULIE:
(*Stopping the music suddenly.*) Oh, yes?

MRS. WORDEN:
I hope you're convinced, Borden.

LULIE:
What is it you're trying to convince him of, Mrs. Worden?

MRS. WORDEN:
That I am not welcome here.

LULIE:
(*Carefully drawing the narcissi from the basket on the piano.*) Borden is very dull sometimes.
(*Mrs. Worden is aghast.*)

WORDEN:
Lulie, how dare you!

LULIE:
There's no use mincing matters, here, is there?

MRS. WORDEN:
There is not. I've borne enough at your hands, I can bear no more!

WORDEN:
Please, be careful.

MRS. WORDEN:
You might have said that sooner.

LULIE:
You should have trained him in guardedness before I came.

MRS. WORDEN:
A mother is powerless against a woman.

Besides I never saw you until he brought you here married.

LULIE:
If you had, you would have taken my measure at once, no doubt, and thwarted my designs. I'm sorry you didn't.

WORDEN:
Lulie!

MRS. WORDEN:
Well, my poor boy, that doesn't surprise you, does it?

WORDEN:
What did you mean, Lulie?

MRS. WORDEN:
She meant she wishes she hadn't married you. You are dull. I've tried to make you listen before, Borden. The whole town knows it. You're a laughing stock. If you could hear the humiliating tales that I hear! Your wife sits at luncheon tables and entertains the young married women with lurid accounts of her past. She shocks them with thinly guarded insinuations of how she finds amusement here. There are unpleasant stories bandied about the clubs, behind your very back!

LULIE:
(*Moving slowly about the room, arranging flowers in the vases.*) What are they, Mrs. Worden?

MRS. WORDEN:
I have some respect for my son's feelings.

LULIE:
But a greater respect for gossip, eh?

MRS. WORDEN:
Since you boast so openly, one is justified in crediting to some extent the stories you start.

LULIE:
I have the dramatist's instinct, Mrs. Worden. Do let us hear some of the stories. Perhaps I can revise and improve them.

MRS. WORDEN:
That's the way she talks. And anybody may hear, it makes no difference. Only yesterday, a perfect stranger to the town repeated something he had heard to your brother, Borden, something about—Lulie—being seen, veiled, but recognizable, entering—

LULIE:
As I told that, it didn't happen here, but in London. Lady Godiva would have gone veiled here, I'm sure. It would have been more immodest and conspicuous. Oh no, I don't wear veils here.

MRS. WORDEN:
This much I can say for a certainty,

Borden. She's never alone a minute you're away.

WORDEN:
Look here, say what you mean in the beginning.

MRS. WORDEN:
I mean that that young Braden, the pianist, is in this house and at Lulie's side every minute of the day! They're seen together all over the town, lunching, shopping, and riding about to the queerest places. Everybody knows it. He's the Englishman's successor, people are saying.

WORDEN:
Which Englishman?

LULIE:
Yes, which? Robert Braden is a very nice boy. He amuses me. You should be thankful for that, Borden. It takes such a responsibility from your shoulders.

MRS. WORDEN:
I imagine it's as much the other way around. The story of how you gave him a private exhibition of all your strange tea-gowns—

WORDEN:
Is that true, Lulie?

LULIE:
I can't remember.

WORDEN:
Tell me, Lulie. Is it true?
(*She frowns. With a short sweep of her arm she knocks the vase she is arranging to the floor. There is a brittle crash as the flowers spill. A second of silence follows. Lulie pushes a bell in the wall. The butler enters.*)

LULIE:
*Les fleurs, Coypel.
(Coypel gathers them up.)
Ce sont belles, n'est-ce pas?*

COYPEL:
Oui, madame . . . Les marches de Paris au mois d'avril . . .

LULIE:
*Ah . . . oui!
(A bell rings. The butler, still holding an armful of narcissi, goes to the door.)*

MRS. WORDEN:
Goodbye, Borden. (*As she starts out, Coypel returns.*)

COYPEL:
It is the janitor, madame. He says he must speak with you.

LULIE:
Let him in.
(*The janitor comes in.*)

THE JANITOR:
Mrs. Worden, it's about your baby.

WORDEN:
What is it? What's happened?

THE JANITOR:
He's being brought up now. My orders—

MRS. WORDEN:
Has he been hurt? Is he dead?

THE JANITOR:
No, mam. The neighbors . . . we've had too many complaints.
(A child's crying is heard. The nurse enters carrying the baby. It is a child of about two years, and just now it is entirely naked.)

MRS. WORDEN:
What's happened?

THE JANITOR:
Nothing's happened, mam.

WORDEN:
Where are his clothes?

THE JANITOR:
That's it. Where are they? We cant have it. The neighbors—

WORDEN:
Has the child been out like this?

THE NURSE:
Yes, sir.

WORDEN:
Are you crazy? You're discharged.

LULIE:
Why should you discharge her? I sent the baby out.

WORDEN:
Naked?

LULIE:
Why not? It's a warm day.

THE JANITOR:
The neighbors wont stand for it: The other nurses refused to leave their children in the garden.

MRS. WORDEN:
Borden! Protect our name before ridicule ruins it.
(She goes.)

WORDEN:
This is too much, Lulie! Good God, my son naked on the street!

COYPEL:
(To the janitor.) You can go.

THE JANITOR:
(To Coypel.) See that it doesn't happen again.

(He goes. The nurse takes the child away.)

LULIE:
A baby is a young animal. What reason is there for keeping the sunlight and the air from its body. Does an infant's body shock you? Coypel, tell Marie to put the baby in a closet.
(Coypel goes with a little smile.)

WORDEN:
Lulie, was there any truth in what Mother said about you and that Braden?
(Lulie takes up DeBussy at the piano once more.)
Lulie! Answer me.

LULIE:
Are you going to be a tyrant from now on? You remember I told you long ago how I liked forceful men.
(“Reflets dans l'eau” quivers under fingers.)
You remember I told you about the Spaniard who knocked me down in Madrid? How I admired him!

WORDEN:
Is the story true?

LULIE:
Yes, I was seventeen.

WORDEN:
About Braden—and the negligees—is it true?
(She bends over the intricate treble.)
Lulie! Do you hear me?
(His face reddens as he watches her indifference. He approaches her in faltering determination.)
Answer me when I speak to you!
(She smiles and shrugs but does not turn from the keyboard. Suddenly he lays his hands on her shoulders. She does not look up. He waits an awkward moment. Then he half lifts her, half drags her from the piano bench. She slips off and sinks down against the wall. A little holler like “Hey” escapes her as he struggles clumsily. She looks upward from the floor like a surprised child. He stands above her, timidly menacing, hair on end, cravat askew. Madagascar bursts into demoniac laughter.)

LULIE:
There's a great deal in technique.

WORDEN:
You'll drive me mad. Get up!
(Madagascar renews his merriment.)
Shut up, you damned bird!
(A book is at hand. He hurls this at the parrot's perch.)

MADAGASCAR:
O triste, triste etait mon ame!

WORDEN:
Get up!

LULIE:
(Raising her voice.) Coypel!

WORDEN:
What are you going to do?

LULIE:
Coypel!
(The butler enters.)
Coypel regardez. I am sitting on the floor. I have been thrown here. Monsieur's hair is mussed, his face is red, his cravat is crooked. *Comprenez vous?*

COYPEL:
Oui, madame.

LULIE:
Bien. Apportez moi mon peignoir. Ask Marie—the green one.

COYPEL:
Oui, madame.
(He goes.)

WORDEN:
Do you think it's decent to connive with the butler in French under my nose?

LULIE:
It's not our fault that you're illiterate.
(She rises slowly. Coypel comes back. He is carrying a green filmy gown.)
Merci, attendez.
(She undoes a few hooks at her belt. In a second the yellow garment she wears has fallen about her feet. She steps out daintily. She is in trim satin knickerbockers.)

WORDEN:
Good God! Coypel is here.
(Lulie reaches for the negligee over the butler's arm. As she holds up her white arms, slipping this over her head, Coypel gathers the discarded dress and goes.)

WORDEN:
(A hint of tears in his voice.) Lulie, why do you do these things?
(He comes to her side. She is tying her hair with a thin band of silver.)
Lulie!
(He puts a hand to the back of her neck. Her eyes harden a trifle.)
Lulie, you're beautiful! I love you, Lulie, Lulie!
(He begins to weep throatily.)

LULIE:
Dont.

WORDEN:
Why are you so unkind to me?
(He puts another arm about her.)

LULIE:
Cant you see I'm tying my hair?
(She tries to free herself.)

WORDEN:
(Tightening his hold about her shoulders.) Lulie, what do you want?

SHADOWLAND

LULIE:
I want to fix my hair. Let me go.

WORDEN:
Lulie, do you want the pearls? You can have them.

LULIE:
Let me go.

WORDEN:
You can have the pearls you've wanted. We'll get them tomorrow.

LULIE:
Let go of me! Stop pulling at me!
(*She seeks to undo his hands.*)

WORDEN:
Dont be hard, Lulie, dont be unkind to me!
(*His voice breaks and the tears begin again.*)
I love you. You're beautiful, Lulie!
(*He sinks to the floor and holds her about the knees.*)

LULIE:
(*In a sharp key.*) Dont. Let go of my knees! Dont hold me that way, dont touch me!

WORDEN:
Please, please!

LULIE:
I'll scream. I'll call Coypel! Let go.
(*She struggles away from him, lifting each foot high as tho she were stepping from a tangled rope.*)
Get up from there. I'm going.

WORDEN:
What do you mean?

LULIE:
I'm going. I cant bear this another hour. Get up.
(*He rises awkwardly.*)
Good-bye, I'm going.
(*She starts to the door.*)

WORDEN:
You're mad. What are you doing?

LULIE:
Good-bye.

WORDEN:
(*Rushing at her.*) Wait, for God's sake! You cant go out on the street like that!

LULIE:
I'm going.
(*She opens the door.*)

WORDEN:
Where are you going?

LULIE:
Anywhere. I'll find some place.

WORDEN:
I wont let you out of this room.
(*He tries to hold her.*)

LULIE:
I'll get all the neighbors in here if you dont take your hands from me.

WORDEN:
(*Snatching her hat from a chair.*) Put this on.

LULIE:
I dont want it. (*She turns from the door, holding out one hand.*)
Madagascar, venez.
(*The parrot flies to her and perches on her wrist.*)
Fugi-yama, come here, kitten, come.
(*The cat slinks to her side. She picks it up and holds it under her arm.*)

WORDEN:
The baby—

LULIE:
Oh . . .
(*She hesitates a second.*)
Coypel!
(*He comes to the door.*)
Coypel, where is the baby?

COYPEL:
Sleeping, madame.

LULIE:
Sleeping, oh . . . Well then, when he wakes have Marie dress him. I'll send back . . . if it suits you, Borden. I'm going, Coypel. *Peut-etre bientot . . . a Paris encore une fois . . .*

COYPEL:
J'espere. Au revoir, madame.

LULIE:
Au revoir, Coypel.

WORDEN:
Lulie, dont go!

LULIE:
(*Thinking and pointing.*) I want that little mirror. I want those two prints, the things in that cabinet . . . the Venetian table and chairs . . . I think that's all. The rest you may keep in memory.
(*She turns.*)

WORDEN:
Why are you going?

LULIE:
(*In a small voice, over her shoulder.*) Why did I come?
(*She goes. Coypel lifts the basket from the piano. There are still a few sprays of the white narcissi mingled with the leaves of lettuce and other greens. He carries them out, very slowly, his head just a little bowed. Worden stands in the middle of the room as if every thought had escaped him irrevocably.*)

Suddenly from the street rise the sharp explosions of a high-powered motor.)

WORDEN:
(*Running to the window.*) Lulie . . . Lulie!
(*The sound dwindles to distance. He leans his head against the mauve velvet drapery and . . .*)
The Curtain Falls.
(*All rights reserved by author*)

The Flash of Ben-Ami and the Sparkle of Shaw

(Continued from page 55)

commentary upon English social and political life, tossed them into close juxtaposition in a single house—and recorded the resultant dialog.

Commentators are divided between two camps, those who view "Heartbreak House" as showing the weariness and disappointment of Shaw, thru the apparent slackening of his usual dramatic adroitness, and those who look upon it as a studied effort to be undramatic. As an instance of sheer Shaw affectation, these last point out the second act, which rambles on for hours seemingly.

Both camps are, however, puzzled over his message. These are the folks who are never satisfied at merely hearing clever people say clever things but must seek out the moral. They have a task ahead of them in "Heartbreak House." To our way of thinking, Shaw points no conclusions in this satire upon the chaos of today because there is no conclusion. He seems as slashing about brilliantly, if indiscriminatingly, in his quest for the light.

"Heartbreak House" has one of Shaw's most interesting characters, Captain Shotover, who is, as someone has preceded us in saying, "as real as rum and as mythical as Jove." The Theater Guild has given the Shaw effort an interesting staging by Lee Simonson and well-balanced acting, topped by Dudley Digges's playing of Boss Mangan.

There is a vast chasm to bridge in reaching the other plays of the month. Madge Kennedy came back to the footlights in a tawdry crook play, "Cornered," by an actor, Dodson Mitchell. It is a typical actor play; with laboriously manufactured dialog and an absurdly unreal plot devised to create situations. In it Miss Kennedy, long a light comedienne, reveals a new promise as a serious actress. Moreover, she has retained her old charm.

The stage adaptation of "The Young Visitors" came an abrupt cropper. This was an almost literal transplanting of the Daisy Ashford effort with an attempt at whimsical scenic investitures. It failed
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In some Paramount Pictures in 1921 you will see The Alps, for example, as mere items of the staging of a single scene. If the tropics are required, or the arctic zone, the tropics and the arctic zone you will get.

In other 1921 Paramount Pictures you will see whole groups of great stars in the same picture.

One instance of many: in the cast of "The Affairs of Anatol," the play by the great Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler, directed by Cecil B. DeMille, there are no fewer than eight stars: Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Roberts and Theodore Kosloff. All this galaxy of talent in one Paramount Picture, and there will be 104 of them in 1921 for you!

1921 will carry on the great national success of Paramount as represented by the high watermark it touched during the National Paramount Week in September, 1920, when more than six thousand American theatres showed *nothing but* Paramount Pictures, and sixty-seven cents of every dollar that was paid to enter motion picture theatres was paid to enter those theatres which were foresighted enough to have Para-

mount.

Foresighted is right, because there was not a single print of any Paramount Picture, not a single, solitary reel, that was not working.

The people were out for Paramount then as they will be throughout 1921.

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In addition to the most successful American directors, dramatists and novelists, who are naturally attracted by the sheer artistic supremacy afforded their work by the Paramount equipment, it is now history that the greatest dramatists of Europe, men of immortal fame, are working and devising subtle new plots for Paramount. Some of them have already arrived over three thousand miles of ocean to collaborate more closely with the Paramount producing organization for your delight.

Paramount is the name which has enrolled Sir James M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones, Edward Knoblock, Sir Gilbert Parker, Avery Hopwood, Elinor Glyn, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Joseph Conrad, Cosmo Hamilton, Arnold Bennett.

Paramount is the name of the organization which affords the greatest scope for the greatest directors, men of the stamp of Cecil B. DeMille, William DeMille, George Fitzmaurice, George Melford, William D. Taylor, Hugh Ford and Charles Maigne.

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Douglas MacLean in "Chickens"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Passionate Pilgrim";
with Matt Moore

Charles Maigne's Production
"The Kentuckians," by John Fox, Jr.;
with Monte Blue

Ethel Clayton in
"The Price of Possession"
A Hugh Ford Production

Dorothy Dalton in "The Teaser"

Thomas Meighan in "The Easy Road"

A George Melford Production
"The Faith Healer"

William Vaughan Moody's famous play;
with Milton Sills and Ann Forrest

A Cosmopolitan Production
"Buried Treasure"; with Marion Davies

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Mae Murray in "The Gilded Lily"

Sir James M. Barrie's
"Sentimental Tommy"
A John Robertson Production

Sir James M. Barrie's
"What Every Woman Knows"
A William DeMille Production

Wallace Reid in Frank Spearman's Story
"The Daughter of a Magnate"

Sydney Chaplin in
"King, Queen and Joker"
A Sydney Chaplin Production

A Hugh Ford Production
"The Great Day"
The Famous Drury Lane Melodrama
A Famous-Lasky British Production

A Famous-Lasky British Production
"The Mystery Road"; with David Powell
By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Thomas Meighan in "The Quarry"

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"The Manifestations of Henry Ort";
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"You Can't Fool Your Wife"
By Hector Turnbull

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"Ladies Must Live"
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"The Affairs of Anatol"
By Arthur Schnitzler

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"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Cosmopolitan Production, "Love Piker"

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

A William D. Taylor Production
"The Witching Hour"; with Elliott Dexter
By Augustus Thomas

Wallace Reid in "Free Air"
By Sinclair Lewis

Elsie Ferguson in
"Sacred and Profane Love"
By Arnold Bennett

Wallace Reid in "Watch My Smoke"
Gloria Swanson in "Everything For Sale"

A William DeMille Production
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Gloria Swanson in a new story by
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A George Melford Production
Dorothy Dalton in "The Money Master"
By Sir Gilbert Parker

A Cecil B. DeMille Production
of an original story by Avery Hopwood
Author of "The Gold Diggers"

Paramount Pictures



Shaliapin: Idol of All Russia

(Continued from page 13)

anxiety—and of Shaliapin, first artist of that theater. In that glimpse Shaliapin for the first time in two years is stripped of the ridiculous rumors which have trailed his name, and stands revealed as he lives undisturbed in his home and as he still sings his old rôles in "The Barber of Seville" and "Hovanshchina" at the Opera. Knowing the Russians as I do, I had no reason to suppose it would be far otherwise to-day with Shaliapin than it was during the first six months of the Bolshevik régime when I heard him sing in Petrograd and sat across from him at the modest table of the artist Korovin in Moscow, listening to his never-ending stream of anecdotes. Life goes on after a fashion in the Russian capitals; it will go on no matter what else revolution brings; but it would be hard to think of it to-day without the inspiring figure of Fyodor Ivanovitch.

They tell a tale in Russia of Shaliapin's obscure beginnings, which probably has no more foundation in fact than similar legends which grow up around all great men, but it illustrates the difficulties the singer encountered in his youth. According to this tale, Shaliapin applied for a position in a music hall in company with his young friend, Maxim Gorky. Both of them thought they had good voices. The manager tried Shaliapin and rejected him, but the future novelist was more fortunate and was accepted. As a matter of fact, Shaliapin's entry into the theater was more prosaic and involved a long course of minor engagements leading to his ultimate triumph. Born in February, 1873, in the old walled outpost against the Tatars, Kazan, the son of the keeper of records of the district zemstvo, he learned the trade first of shoemaker, and then of cabinetmaker. Discovering the theater at the age of eleven, he spent all his spare time back stage or as a super; and, finding his voice at about the same time, he sang in church choirs until he lost his youthful soprano and likewise his position. Service as a clerk in Ufa tided over his disappointment until he was accepted in the chorus at the provincial opera house at ten dollars a month.

The following year, 1891, he joined a Ukrainian opera company and traveled all over Russia. Engagements with the French operetta of Lassalle and the company of Kliutchareff were succeeded by instruction under Usatoff of the Moscow Opera and a year as basso in the opera at Tiflis, in Trans-Caucasia. The Moscow Opera was deaf to him when he first applied in 1894, but Lentovsky engaged him to sing in Petersburg at a hundred and fifty dollars a month. Next spring, 1895, he made his début at the Marinsky, one of the two chief homes of Russian opera, but success in the rôles of Mephisto and

Ruslan did not compensate for lack of advancement and he went to Moscow to join the private opera of Mamontoff. There, in close friendship and collaboration with the great composer and pianist, Rachmaninoff, who was Mamontoff's *regisseur*, he remained until September, 1899. Since then for more than two unbroken decades his fortunes have been allied with the Imperial Opera, which, since the Revolution three years ago, has been the National Opera. Occasionally in that time he has traveled far—to Egypt, to Italy, to France, to London, and even to America a dozen years ago—but he has always returned to the Marinsky in Petrograd and the Great State Theater in Moscow as his permanent artistic homes, where before the war he commanded an annual salary of \$40,000.

Shaliapin is one of the few masters of the opera who need have no fear of the loss of his singing voice. If he were to lose that instrument tonight, he could turn to-morrow to the dramatic stage and there make his way as one of the greatest if not the peer of all contemporary actors. The secret of his supremacy as an actor lies in the determination to sink his own personality utterly in the rôle he is playing. Other actors have pursued this aim, but the greater success which he has had in attaining it is the measure of his superior genius. You may see him one evening as the Devil in Boito's "Mephistopheles," and the next as a very different Satanic Majesty in Gounod's "Faust." He turns with ease from the appalling figure of Ivan the Terrible in "The Maid of Pskoff" to the grotesque whimsies of "Don Quixote." Nothing but the amazing vitality of the human being behind the mask links one of these characterizations with another. No divine voice here emerging from a mere manikin. It is as if the artist were born again for each of the parts he creates. He is even devoid of the insignificant but annoying mannerisms which carried a kind of identity thru all the varied work of Irving and Mansfield. Someone has said that we must go back to Edmund Kean for his equal in brilliant and decisive impersonation.

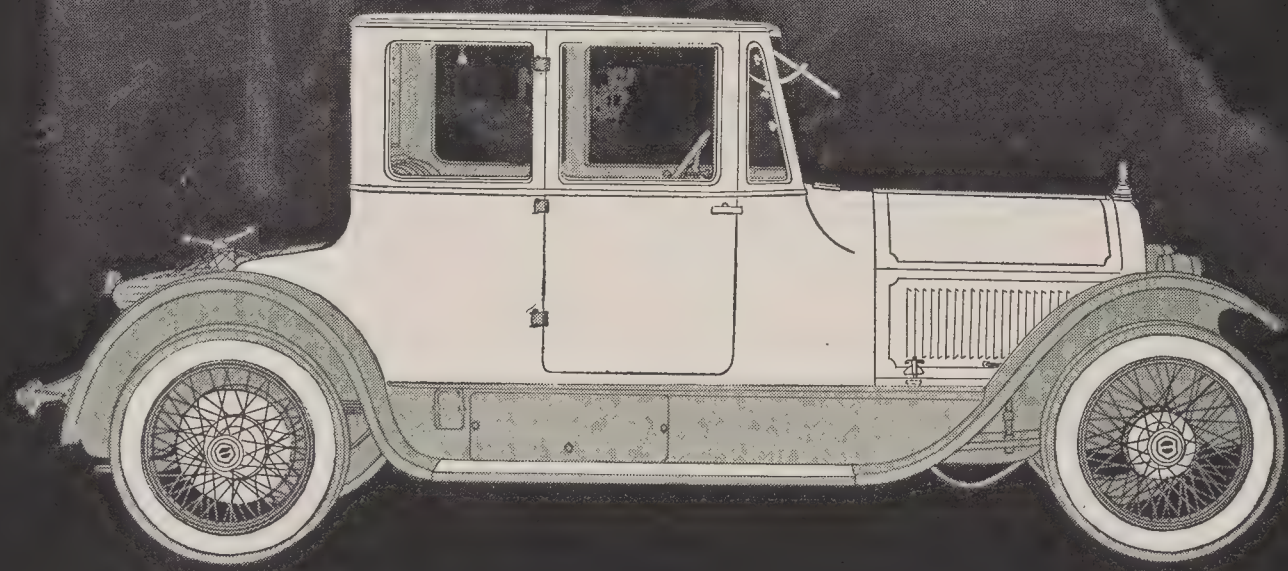
Of all his rôles I suppose the most impressive is his tragic Tsar in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Boris Godunoff." I shall never forget an evening when he sang and acted this part at the Narodny Dom, the people's opera in Petrograd, while the Germans were surging on toward the capital in the spring of 1918. Tsars and all that they stood for had been erased utterly from Peter's city, and the Soviet ruled with a red and rigorous hand, but in the theater the dark and picturesque days of Russian history lived again under the imaginative wand of the artist.

The Moscow Art Theater may stifle applause and thereby preserve the illusion of real life from act to act, but there is no one with the temerity to try to dam the enthusiasm of an audience at the Opera when Shaliapin sings. Before I knew it, as the curtain fell, his hearers, thousands strong, stormed down the aisles with a single voice, throwing their hats in the air and trampling any who impeded their way. Cheer after cheer passed in waves thru the house until nearly ten minutes had ticked by on my watch. The artist as idol commands the same adulation that the military and political heroes of the West do.

A virile personality like Shaliapin's could not refrain wholly from contact with the storms of political and social revolution which were pent up under the Tsars, but which burst their bonds three years ago. A peasant of the peasants, he has always gloried in his lineage. When the Revolution broke at last, he placed his services at the disposal of his people. He sang gratuitously for the sailors at Kronstadt, and for the soldiers and workmen in Petrograd. In Moscow he refused to appear at the Great State Theater because of the high prices of the seats which prevented the proletariat from attending, and sang instead at the Opera of the Soviet of Workmen's Deputies. As the Revolution became more bitter and its genial character vanished with the advent of the Bolshevik régime, he seemed to draw around himself a greater reserve. Resenting interference and appreciating the worth of his services to a people distracted by the difficulties of a chaotic existence, he has demanded and received payment commensurate with those services—payment in food and clothing at times, as Wells has indicated. Whether or not his sympathies lie with the new dictators of Russia, he has been willing to remain with his people and see their struggle thru with them rather than to flee to easier havens abroad.

Jealous scandal-mongers have been pleased to find in Shaliapin's public attitude a two-faced nature which does not comport in the least with the man as his intimate friends have known him. All such libels can be traced back to a heart-breaking incident in his career over a decade ago. Few either inside Russia or out are aware of all the details of that incident; they were told to me only a few days ago by Adolph Bolm, who was present at the time back of the scene at the Marinsky Theater. The occasion was the first visit of Tsar Nicholas to the theater many months after the abortive revolution of 1905. Police and secret officers guarded His Cautious Majesty on every side. The opera was "Boris Godunoff";

(Continued on page 68)



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James Branch Cabell: Prospero!

(Continued from page 41)

rock of satire. Unlike Siegfried, too, he has not yet bathed in the blood of the Dragon of American Hypocrisy, for he has not yet killed it; but he has a great spear in its side. As our national dragon is as tough as a hippopotamus, it will take a whole band of Cabells to pierce its hide to the heart.

"Jurgen" got into trouble because it did not obey our national unities, Bunk, Junk and Punk.

"I think—therefore I am not," might be scrawled over the houses of our geniuses.

"Commit no sex-laughter under penalty of the law" might also be scrawled over a map of the forty-eight branches of Salem, Mass.

"Jurgen" is something of Don Quixote, is salted with the wit and wisdom of "The Arabian Nights," and touches on and appertains to Rabelais here and there.

How can one describe this unique masterpiece? One cannot or should not. It is a book to be read, not written about, like George Meredith's "The Shaving of Shagpat," who lost his Identical at last in the flash of the great simitar of Shibley Bagarag.

"The Cream of the Jest," another of Cabell's masterpieces, is more describable.

Kennaston has met the Lady Etarre thru the power of a broken sigil which he has found in his garden. It admits him to an unearthly garden, where he meets her whom he dare not touch. To touch her is to return to Kathleen, and to the commonplaces of life.

Kennaston leads two lives, the secretly romantic and the obviously realistic. It is the law of living things—the paradox of reality; the eternal double life.

With Kennaston, Illusion is his real life; his real life is an illusion. Kennaston is a romantic writer, and when he disappears "beyond life," the imaginative dimension, he becomes one of his own fictitious creations, Horvendile.

So Horvendile and his Lady Etarre wander thru time, testing all modes of life, feeling all forms of emotion, passing thru many deaths. The satire is keen, and many wooden statues are unveiled.

Now, Kennaston's wife has the other half of the sigil, and she, too, has her secret rendezvous—none so commonplace that has not a secret trysting place! And the sigil turns out to be no sigil at all, but the lost top of her cold cream jar. It is another book to be read and digested.

"Domnei," his new book, a version of which appeared some years ago as "The Soul of Melicent," is a love story of old France. It holds a brief for youth and youth's bright outlawry. The subtle irony of the Cabellian strain runs thru it like an overtone.

It is a glorious piece of literature in spite of the fact no puritan can ensconce

his nuzzle in its contents.

We have played the flunky before so many European literary and senilo-scientific celebrities, we have for so long been the great international bootblack, that we might find time to rise from our knees long enough and salute a great American literary genius, James Branch Cabell—our own Anatole France, our own Cervantes.

Shaliapin: Idol of All Russia

(Continued from page 66)

the singer, Shaliapin. Under the pressure of reactionary days, the salaries of the chorus had been reduced by the State. Toward the end of the mad scene, with Shaliapin alone on the stage and a long intermission to follow, the chorus would naturally have been in their dressing-rooms, but Bolm and others noticed them gathered in groups behind the scenes. When the curtain fell and rose again for Shaliapin's encore, the chorus, eager to curry favor and increase their salaries, rushed onto the stage, fell to their knees and burst forth with the old national anthem, "God save our Glorious Tsar." The orchestra naturally took up the strain and everyone in the house rose to his feet, leaving Shaliapin standing in distress and amazement, faced by the possibility of being torn to pieces by the chorus or shot down from the audience if he refused to bend the knee. Terrified by his dilemma, he complied, thus starting the story which is prevalent in Russia to this day that he himself had arranged the whole affair. In reality, however, he left the stage a nervous wreck and for several years thereafter felt unequal to the ordeal of singing in his native land. In his wanderings abroad he was received coldly by revolutionary friends like Plekhanoff.

To the anecdotes of Shaliapin, visualized and personified as no stage could depict them, I gave my last afternoon in Moscow in the spring of 1918. The singer had come down from Petrograd a few days before to visit his family, whom he kept in Moscow, where food was more plentiful. One of the best of his stories concerned his arrival late at night in the Kremlin city. From the Nikolaievsky Station his *izvoschik* drove his sleigh down a dark side street. Suddenly the command to halt was followed by a dozen figures who sprang out of the shadows and surrounded the sleigh. Nothing daunted, Shaliapin rose to his full six feet four and addressed them: "Comrades, I am Fyodor Ivanovitch." The highwaymen asked his pardon, bowed low, parted and let the sleigh proceed.

Fyodor Ivanovitch! Theodore the son

of John! There are thousands, tens of thousands, of men by that name in Russia, and yet almost every citizen of that far-flung realm thinks of but one man when that name is mentioned. Fyodor Ivanovitch, that is sufficient. Shaliapin is understood. No American ever mistook any other Theodore when Teddy's name was uttered. Russia has chosen instead to honor an artist by the familiarity which does not breed contempt.

The Peril of Western Civilization

(Continued from page 39)

Its heart has been turned by the temptation of power and of what science can offer.

"Machinery has not been molded to the help of society. Science and religion might have marched on happily together. But the West has pursued science to the end of self-aggrandizement, for achievement and for power. I am not saying that the West has not harkened many times to the call of humanity. It has frequently sought out and ameliorated the world miseries. But these miseries have been created by the very evil by which it sought to allay the damage.

"In the main, the currents of Western thought have been along the lines of individual power, gain and comfort. The great part of science and world wealth has been spent in erecting huge machines which crush out the personality and life of man.

"There is but one solution. A real humanity not only between the people of one nation or race but between all nations and races. We must understand each other—understand with humility, sympathy and justice. The machine of today—built for power and greed—must be scraped.

"Today, in the so-called days of 'peace,' we are sowing the seeds of further war. Indeed, war is here, there and everywhere about the earth today. And, by continuing to think along the lines of hatred and envy, we are preparing for another harvest."

Dr. Tagore gazed out the hotel window across the teeming streets of New York in thought. "The harvest is not far off," he went on. "More and more war is to come, just so long as the mentalities that produced the last world catastrophe are permitted to go on teaching hatred and envy."

Dr. Tagore paused.

"Here and there, individually, I see a pitiful effort to achieve personal happiness. Somehow a thing is abstracted from the wholeness of life and labeled happiness. To pursue such an ideal is to pursue something unreal—a chimera. Happiness, in reality, is perfect living, perfect thought, perfect action. Anything less is but a sham shadow."

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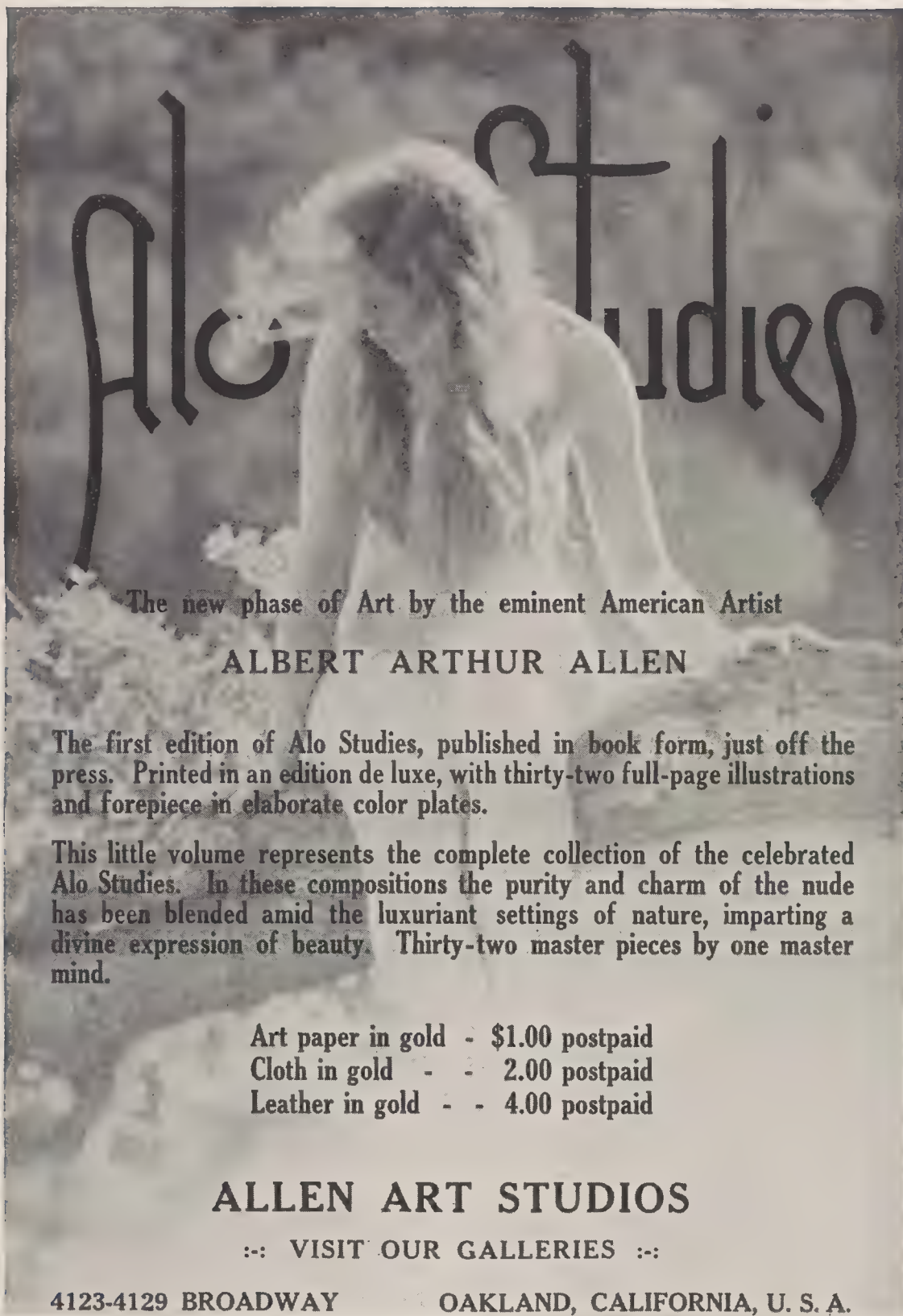
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Chosen!

(Continued from page 33)

the chorus of "Mary" was warbling "Like a dove's nest . . . cozy and wa-aarm . . ."

Georgia Caine gave her generous laugh. "I think musical comedy chose *me*," she said; "I probably had very little to do with it. We have, I think, less to do with what we are than we suppose. It is quite often a matter of natural selection and then compulsion by the public we are destined to amuse. The public approved of me in musical comedy. Musical comedy it has been."

"Haven't you ever thought of dramatic work?" I said. "You . . . you *look* so dramatic."

"Heavens!" she said. "How does one look when one looks dramatic? I don't know that I've had very much time to think about anything except the work at hand. Things engross me . . ."

"I suppose," I said, "it would take considerable courage to break now and begin something different."

"More courage than I've got," Miss Caine admitted, with her characteristic candor of thought and the expression thereof.

I asked her what she thought was the most and the best that could be extracted from life. She said: "Development. That includes, very specially includes, knowing other people, knowing the *lives* of other people, what they hope, what they dream, what they reject, what they yearn for. I make it my pleasure and almost always my profit to get to *know* the various girls and boys in the chorus. And it is constantly amazing to discover afresh how each one is a tiny world in his or herself, with his or her particular set of plans. It is amazing, too, to find out how they remember you in after years. I have come back to theaters after an absence of years to have the doorman or some minor member of the chorus recall incidents we have shared together in the past . . . perhaps some trifling kindness I have been able to do him. . . . It makes one conscious of the ever-present *heart* of humanity."

I asked Miss Caine whether she thought she would have been an actress had it not been for her environment and heredity.

"That is hard to say," she answered. "I think, tho, that the environment has far more to do with it than the heredity. For instance, I was away from the stage for quite a long time some years ago. Despite my lifelong association with it and practical experience on it, I grew quite out of touch. I really felt a stranger . . . as tho I must, all over again, establish contact with my surroundings. So you see it is largely association, the association of everyday."

Prior to "Mary," Miss Caine has sung her way to success in "Adele," which rôle she created both here and in London; in "The Merry Widow," "Oh, My Dear," "The Earl and the Girl," "Mine," "Troubadour," and many others.

"Mary" is having a phenomenal run, in
(Continued on page 71)

Chosen!

(Continued from page 70)

that it plays to jammed houses and vociferous enthusiasm.

"Mr. Cohan is a play specialist," Miss Caine said, in answer to a query of mine. "He sees a rehearsal and, immediately, he puts his finger on the weak spots and brings forth the strong ones. In the present 'Mary,' for instance, we were counting on a certain song being the big hit. Mr. Cohan heard it thru and said, at once, 'That is not your hit—the "Love Nest" is the thing'—and he was right. His is a marvelous personality and he has the extraordinary power of being able to inject his personality into things animate and inanimate."

So, not to make irrelevant comparisons, has Georgia Caine. One leaves with the sense of a rich personality. One leaves with a sense of background, of atmosphere . . . reminiscent of the small child who sat, wide-eyed, in the wings of many a theater, absorbing the breath of the life she made her own . . . of the woman who richly and colorfully has never been allowed to depart from musical comedy once it made her its own.

Film Stars in Germany

(Continued from page 49)

merciless, who cowers in wait for her prey. Her first victim is her rich old lover. She demands his blood but he escapes her fury. Then the son of the old man falls into the net of this siren. She, however, is willing to sacrifice herself for love alone. But her repentance comes too late, and she falls a victim to her first lover. Fern Andra adapts herself to the peculiar futuristic scenery and adventures, and seems to have found a new mode of expression. The future will show whether she can succeed in bringing into vogue a new form of art or if it will be condemned sooner or later as a great error in taste.

Lightning on a Grey Day

(Continued from page 25)

carried away a vivid picture of a keen and sane thinking woman—a woman who has lived a lonely theater life of almost unappreciation, but who, beneath everything, has kept burning a fine fire of endeavor. Then we heard the front stage applause of her entry—and we were glad. Surely, she deserves her success.

YOU ARE SO STRANGE

By Le Baron Cooke

You are so strange when I am near,
Your thoughts seem miles away;
And yet, sometimes, I think you hear
The things I dare not say.



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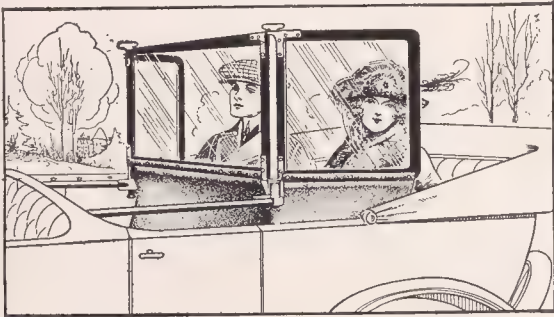
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As Toward Mecca

(Continued from page 35)

With Mr. Hirschbein he was one of the founders and leading spirits of the Jewish Art Theater. His hopes for that theater were as lofty as his temperament, as fiery as his idealism, as passionate as his art. He believed in it. In Yiddish. Among other things he did *Dr. Rank* in Ibsen's "Doll House," and it is said no more remarkable a *Dr. Rank* has ever attempted the characterization. He played in "Idle Inn," by Mr. Hirschbein, and "Green Fields," also by Mr. Hirschbein. He played in Pinski's "Isaac Shefftel." Finally, he played "Samson and Delilah" there in the Yiddish tongue.

And little by little his hopes were drooping, were becoming dreary. There was little of appreciation among the New Yorkers who could understand the Yiddish tongue. The Yiddish people could not react to the Jewish Art Theater. With his drooping hope came a clearer perspective. Mr. Ben-Ami saw that his field was everywhere a restricted one, his limits narrow and inadequate to the genius within him. He needed a wider scope.

While he was playing at the Jewish Art Theater, Arthur Hopkins heard of him, went to see him, recognized in him the precious gift, recognized, too, the same thing that Ben-Ami was realizing, the impossibly narrow scope the man had.

They met and the result was Mr. Hopkins' production of "Samson and Delilah" in English, now at the Greenwich Village Theater with Mr. Ben-Ami in the stellar role.

Another immediate result of the meeting was Mr. Ben-Ami's learning English, *via* a tutor. When asked whether he felt ill at ease in so different a tongue he said that on the contrary he felt a wonderful sense of fluency and that he quite frequently had the consciousness that he had never given performances so true as he had done since he had been playing in English. Which is but the proof of the artist in whose crucible all elements are malleable.

Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ben-Ami plan, it is said, a future conjointly.

"It is to Mr. Hopkins," the Russian artist said, with a profound admiration, "that we must look for our intimate theater, for the theater that will fulfil us in being in itself fulfilled. The theater will splendidly live—now."

Mr. Ben-Ami has been compared to John Barrymore, to Mansfield, and yet it seems to me notable that he is neither component of the one nor the other. He has that indefinable, sensory *something*; not temperament, not genius, nothing concrete enough to be nameable, peculiar to the Slav, to Fokine, to Fokina, to the Ballet Russe—that mystery, that promise, that imponderable suggestion, minor-toned and rich in color. He runs a scale. He has a clarity. He has within him the

Russia made manifest by such men as Tolstoi, as Turgenieff, as Dostoyevsky. Nor is he a highbrow, being interested in comedy as well as the more rarefied altitudes of drama and tragedy.

Most of all he is one of the dreamers dreaming his dream. In some men this passionate idealism takes the form of patriotism, of world empire, world democracy or some such cosmic scheme. In some men it takes the nature of religion and they become monks, fanatics, evangelists or martyrs. In Ben-Ami it takes the form of drama, of the theater, the theater in all of its manifestations, the *intimate theater*, toward which, as toward Mecca, his face is turned.

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

(Continued from page 46)

changed so much?"

"I don't know," said Adam in dull astonishment. "It does seem different. But perhaps we did not remember rightly. Perhaps it was always like this."

But these words only aroused Eve's anger.

"How dare you say such a thing," she exclaimed reproachfully. "If it was always like this, if Eden is not more than we see now, then I have lost everything. Then all my sorrow, all my longing, all my dreams, and the never-stilled pain in my heart have been useless and wasted, and with the loss of Paradise I have also lost the faith that Paradise exists somewhere on this earth. I can bear to lose Eden, but to lose my belief in Eden,—that is heartbreaking!" And then she sat down in the dust of the road and cried bitterly.

In the cool of the day the old serpent walked thru the Garden and found the tired, disillusioned, sorry couple sitting against a withered tree. With a nasty, malicious smile the serpent looked at the poor pilgrims and said tauntingly:

"So you have really been foolish enough to come back? Well, to say the truth, I expected you long ago."

"You expected us?" asked Eve. "How is that? How could you know we would ever come to visit Eden?"

"Silly woman," sneered the serpent, "don't you know that this return was the hardest and most cruel punishment that unpitied fate had in store for you? If once we have lost our Paradise only one thing can happen that is more bitter and more disenchanting: we can find our Paradise again."

With these words he walked away, and the echo of his mocking laughter shrilled thru the soft, consoling silence of the deepening dusk.

The Flash of Ben-Ami and the Sparkle of Shaw

(Continued from page 64)

because most of the players so obviously revealed their knowledge that they were depicting a bit of whimsy. Marie Goff as Ethel Monticue was the worst offender, while Garold Anstruther's Bernard Clark was most successful in enmeshing the real spirit.

We caught a belated view of Frederic S. Isham's "Three Live Ghosts" and found this serio-comedy of the return of three soldiers, all officially reported dead, to be one of the pleasantest things of the season. We confidently advise you to see it, if only for Beryl Mercer's matchless performance of the Cockney step-mother. Indeed, "Three Live Ghosts" has an almost flawless cast.

Alice Delysia, who arrived from Paris *via* London, does not appeal to us. She has neither the infantile daintiness of Gaby Deslys nor the charm of Irene Bordoni. Her methods are heavy and hard. Delysia is making her American debut in "Afgar," a fearfully cheap and vulgar musical entertainment. The best of "Afgar" is—or was, since he has since departed—a nimble English tumbling clown, Lupino Lane. The much vaunted Paul Poiret gowns had all the symptoms of a dress designer's nightmare.

Frances White came to Broadway as a star, "Jimmie," a weak musical show being her vehicle. There was little in it, save her typical gamin numbers and the brash personality of a vaudeville comedian, Harry Delf.

"Irene," now approaching its third year, has a promising young person playing its title rôle. She is Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold. Miss Harrold has a fresh and ingratiating personality, vibrant with youth and high spirits. You will hear more of her.

FANTASY

By Le Baron Cooke

Why do you turn
Toward a false mirror, beloved,
When only in my eyes
Is your true likeness
Shown?

FROM BEHIND THE SCENES

By Barbara Hollis

When Life's great curtain call shall sound,
When at the play's last page,
I hope that Time may find me still
An actor on its stage.

And, be my lot a humble one,
Perchance a servant's part,
I hope I'll still be acting it
With all my mind and heart.

So, when the Prompter gives my cue
With solemn voice intense,
God grant I need not answer Him
From out the audience.

Lines o'



Beauty

THERE'S a dainty little play called "Prunella, or Love in a Dutch Garden," written by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker, two distinguished, modern English playwrights. In one charming scene Prunella converses with the gardener, who is pruning hedges.

"What are you doing?" she questions.

"Giving Mother Nature a lesson," says the gardener. "If I didn't, she'd kick over the traces and be off her own way in no time. She's bad enough as it is, always getting herself out of shape and trying to be different to what you make her. Well, that you can't help, you've just got to come along and put it right."

"But what can you do?" asks Prunella.

"Show her what she ought to be," says the gardener, "and keep her in her place—make her toe the line. That's what a garden's for. That's where gardening comes in."

Since the beginning of time the word woman has been synonymous with grace, beauty, charm. All women are born with, or may acquire charm—but to preserve it, to make the most of it, ay, there's the rub.

To bring home the point of the gardener's lesson: that's what the science and culture of beauty are for. That's where the help of the clever specialist comes in.

One needs only to read old books on "The Toilet" and "Art of Preserving Beauty" to realize how simple and sane the methods and preparations of today are. We read that the toilet of a Roman lady occupied much of her time. After she arose and took her perfumed bath, she placed herself in the hands of slaves who claimed to possess the secret of beautifying and preserving the complexion. She went thru what would be today considered very painful operations.

How artificial this sounds to the modern woman who has little time for these elaborate processes and who realizes that the intelligent woman pins her faith on clear water, fresh air, proper exercise and diet. This is the foundation which enables those who are rarely out of the turmoil of a busy social or professional life to withstand the strain.

Emerson tells us that "It is the soundness of the bones that ultimately itself in a peachblow com-

plexion, the health of constitution that makes the sparkle and power of the eye."

Features that measure to the standard of beauty, every woman is not endowed with. But a bright, clear skin—that invaluable asset to its possessor—every woman may have. Even tho illness, worry, loss of sleep may result in a dull, pallid complexion—"that's where gardening comes in." Science enables her to assist Mother Nature to regain her color and brightness at the expenditure of very little time, indeed.

It is said of the American woman that she gives the garden of her face a "lick and a promise" in her youthful years, and later flies into a panic and begs to be beautified by magic. A "gardener of women" who has plied her art in many lands says that the American women are marvelous; so generous and fine; so beautiful in spirit and person; but too many of them think only in the moment—when they should begin in the morning to prepare for the noon, for the evening that inevitably comes.

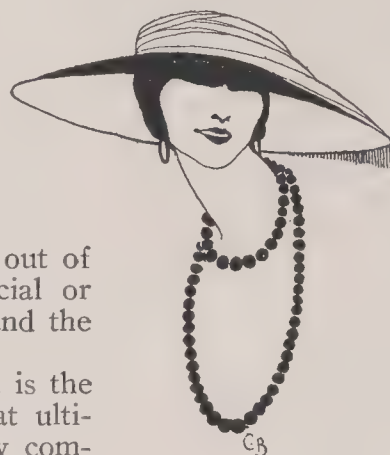
To be well groomed it is not necessary to develop into a vain, selfish woman. It is simply to make the care of the personal appearance so strong a habit that nothing can interfere with its daily performance.

The woman who would be constantly and consistently charming must take particular pains to cleanse her skin properly night after night. It is the law that altereth not. After a day of business or social pleasures the first step of all must be to remove the powder, rouge and grime with a cleansing cold cream. There are exquisite preparations adapted perfectly to one's own problem. Soap should not be used on the face at this time as it cannot possibly cleanse and will cause harshness and dryness. This is especially true of a fine, sensitive skin. After the skin is thoroly cleansed, pat on skin food, allowing it to remain on the face all night.

And then, the warm, cleansing bath for the remainder of the body, a vigorous hair brushing, a few moments' deep breathing exercises—and rosy dreams.

Upon arising, the cold bath or shower, a well-

(Continued on page 80)





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It's a Mad World

(Continued from page 47)

Broadway gallery of crack-brained. He produced "The Prince and the Pauper," in which Cecil Yapp raves melodramatically as one Mad Anthony. Here is an insanity based upon royal oppression and it is Mad Anthony's overwhelming aim in life to wreak vengeance. He nearly succeeds.

There was a lucky idiot in "The Treasure," a drama from the Yiddish which the Theater Guild presented early in the season. This fellow was the god out of the machine who found a bag of gold in a graveyard, thereby arousing a whole community to greed and conflict. The Celtic Players sponsored the production of Synge's "Deirdre of the Sorrows" with its mad and foreboding character. And the shell-shocked lost memory soldier in "Three Live Ghosts" may well come in this category.

The season is not yet half concluded. Other playwrights who have not yet harkened to Mr. Lasky's siren call may have something strange and startling to divulge and will choose to tell it in the easiest way. Shakespearian repertoire may be offered. If it includes "Hamlet," "King Lear" and "Twelfth Night," the mad portion of the stage world will take on a classic air that will not be unwelcome. And there are persons who contend that Macbeth had a decidedly disordered mind.

Do you remember "Children of Earth" and the idiot—again Cecil Yapp—who was forever crying "Lemonade"? An idiot, indeed! Do you recall "The Misleading Lady," a farce of some seasons back, which had a lunatic for a leading character? It ran for several months at the Fulton Theater and its chief appeal lay in the ridiculous notions of this character. Now there is not much excuse for a lunatic in farces. The very preposterousness of most farces makes lunatics automatically, without a label being sewed in by the playwright. It is a rare specimen of humanity that behaves in a farce as he would in life.

When you contemplate "John Ferguson" on the other hand, you find some sweet reasonableness in the idea of a saphead who is just shrewd enough in his upper story to grasp the significance of his nonchalant malevolence. As in so many other great dramas, this very casual malevolence unloosens a torrent of tragic circumstances. "Clutie" John in Ervine's play provides the impetus to murder in a scene memorable for its uncanny and graphic suspense.

Even Gilbert and Sullivan play upon the strings of disordered mentality. There is a crazy woman in "Ruddigore." But there is a compensating factor in this figure. To her has been assigned several of the most pretentious songs of the opera.

Continental drama is filled with the soft-headed. Ibsen's "Ghosts," wherein

(Continued on page 78)

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 58)

white model has a foundation of white satin; on the skirt fall double cascade draperies, that on one side being of black lace and that on the other of white lace. The simple bodice is of white satin with kimono sleeves ending in frills of black lace. A tiny bit of color is given by an embroidery of beads, which trims the edge of the sleeves and outlines the round neck of the blouse.

WRAPS

Wraps are quite as exotic as gowns. Altho rich furs of ermine, mink, squirrel and sable are first choice, it is the daring velvet brocaded wraps that really catch the eye. Many of them are in cape form, straight cut, there being very little fullness.

It is true that the cape coat is one of the winter's greatest successes. It has the grace of the cape combined with the substantial long coat. The artistic outline of the flowing cloak without any of its impractical features. Its youthfulness, too, does much for it. Certainly a coat of this type gives its wearer not only feminine grace but a much younger and less staid appearance than the old-fashioned practical topcoat.

The cape back effect on suits is also a noted feature. One very attractive model of midnight blue serge has a high beaver collar, from the back of which hangs a cape reaching to just below the waist line, while the box-cut jacket falls straight to the hips and is embroidered around the hem with blue and gold threads.

SUITS FOR COUNTRY WEAR

Extremely good-looking suits for winter sports or just general wear are made of homespuns and tweeds in the loveliest of colorings. The warm red shades and beautiful rose shades of the popular knickerbocker costumes—quite a departure from the old-fashioned tweeds of tan and brown—give a warm dash of color to the landscape on days when the air is chilly and the ground is covered with snow. There may be a hat and scarf to match the jacket, which is usually of plain color, while the trousers are of checked material.

ABOUT SCARFS

We have with us, this season, scarfs of every variety. The whole world, in fact, seems to have gone scarf mad. Not only in America has the craze grown, but in France and England as well. English women not only wear the wool sports scarf, but are affecting scarfs of wide ribbon swathing the neck. Some new English scarfs just arrived in this country are of heavy cravat silk, hand crocheted. They are about ten inches in width, fringed at the ends and are made in lovely mixed colors or Roman stripes.

For practical wear there is the extra

wide motoring scarf of brushed wool or camel's hair. Some of these are in white with stripes of black and brown. The more practical ones are in the popular brown shades and heather mixtures.

Especially good for skating is the heavy scarf which has a piece cut out to form a neckline and is slashed down a few inches. The head slips thru the opening, making a sort of sleeveless jacket which ties under the arms.

THE NEWEST NEGLIGEEES

Tea gowns and negligees are following the lead of dresses. The low placed waistline, the double train copied from the latest evening gowns, and often the straight across neckline.

Lace and velvet are combined quite as frequently and as attractively in tea gowns as in evening dresses. A favorite method of evolving a velvet and lace gown is to make a straight slip of the velvet and a long coat of lace, or of chiffon trimmed with lace.

Simple and extremely pretty are the little chemise negligees of beautifully colored velvets. These slip on over the head and are trimmed simply with a piping of the material around neck and sleeves. Sometimes, to give the touch of charming frivolity that seems to go with tea gowns, long, trailing bits of chiffon are attached to the very short sleeves, or narrow dark fur edges the neck and sleeves.

And, easy to look at, comfortable to wear and moderately priced are house robes of corduroy, in French blue and soft shell pink, in orchid and henna—and in the more practical blue, brown and grey.

THE SHINING HOUR

By Betty Earle

Twilight, bloom for Fragoletta;
All the world is like a flower!
Fire-moon, dance for Fragoletta
On the spire of yonder tower!
Dim cloud, drift for Fragoletta,
Shadow, lift for Fragoletta,
Shy wind, laugh for Fragoletta:
I have had one shining hour!

GYPSYING

By Anne Campbell Stark

I would we were a-gypsying,
My love and I!
The violets beneath our feet,
Above, the sky!
The slanting rain our harp would be,
The whispering breeze love's melody,
I would we were a-gypsying,
My love and I!
I would we were a-gypsying,
My love and I!
Cherished on Nature's tender breast
Love could not die!
From dewy morn till sunset's glow
Love's wings would only stronger grow,
I would we were a-gypsying,
My love and I!

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Writing "The First Year"

(Continued from page 27)

said laughing guiltily "Thought you weren't coming. Had just given you up."

"All right," we answered firmly, feeling like the adventuress in a play; "it isn't too late. Come right back in the theater and let the boys wait. They will wait, won't they?"

"Oh, of course; we'll go right up to the green room and talk, tho I dont believe that I can say anything that will interest you."

The green room isn't green—it's grey; a beautiful soft grey and the room had a couch running all around the walls like a restaurant.

Mr. Craven sat down looking like a bad boy who has been kept after school and it made us feel like a hard-hearted school marm. "You know, Frankie," we felt like saying, "this hurts us more than it does you." All of the other fortunate people who hadn't been kept in after school had gone home or out to tea. We met Roberta Arnold, who is the young wife in "The First Year" and who in real life is the young wife of Herbert Rawlinson, as we got in the elevator; so, we resolved to expedite matters by producing our list of questions. "When were you born," we started off, "and where?"

"Oh, yes, where, that's easy. In New York; and when—well about 1892 or thereabouts. I dont just remember."

"Well, that's near enough. Now, how old were you when you went on the stage and how long have you been on the stage and where did you start?"

"Why bless you. I wasn't old at all when I went on the stage. I was born there. My father was John Craven."

"Forgive us," we murmured, "but you know we weren't born on the stage; and while all these questions may sound foolish to you they're necessary. Who was John Craven?"

"He was my father."

"Yes, of course, but what we mean is, was he as well known as you are?"

"Well, one never knows just how well known one is, but he was pretty important I guess. At least he seemed so to me. I remember I used to think that my father and mother were the greatest actor and actress in the world. My father started as call boy in the old Bowery Theater, but that was long before I arrived on the scene of action. The first part that I remember playing was in 'East Lynne.' That was when I was three years old. Before that the memories are hazy, tho I believe I was carried on as soon as they found out that I never cried so long as I could see the foot-lights." Here Mr. Craven actually loosened up and became almost enthusiastic. "I love the life! It's the only life for me."

"Which do you like best, writing plays or playing them?"

"I like to write them first and then I want to play in them myself."

"Well, of course, there's a certain satis-

faction in knowing the lines are your own when people laugh at them. And then after you've worked over a character for weeks it's rather nice, too, to turn around and play him. You feel that you know him so well."

"And how long does it take to write a play? You know, to us, it seems like a colossal undertaking."

"Why, as soon as you get started it writes itself. It took me less than ten weeks to get 'The First Year' together. As a matter of fact it was produced about three months from the day I conceived the idea."

"And how *did* you get the idea?"

"Why, I dont know; how does anyone get an idea?"

"Some people never do! But we didn't mean that exactly. What we meant was how did you think that there was material for a play in your idea? You know it isn't a bit like any other play that ever was written."

"I didn't know it!" And Mr. Craven began to show signs of enthusiasm again. "I didn't even know how it was going to end when I started. I just thought there was a play there, so I took the plunge."

"But the most marvelous part of it is that some of your jokes are brand new and they say there isn't such a thing as a new joke. Now, that one where Mrs. Tommy Tucker tells you on the night of the dinner party that the cook cant come because she has the misery and you say 'What's the misery?' and she says 'I haven't an idea; only I know it is something that likes company, wherein it differs from me,' that certainly is new! You made it up, didn't you? And the family jar is, oh, so natural! Every married man in the audience turned to his wife and said accusingly, 'You!, How did you know so much about it? Is it what happened to you?'"

"It was so long ago I've forgotten. We've got safely past the sixth milestone now."

We glanced at our pad and saw that we hadn't really asked Mr. Craven a single one of the questions which we had proposed; so we dont know what he thinks about the great American drama, the uplift movement, English vs. American actors, or whether professional people should marry each other or whether they should marry at all. But we really had learned more about Frank Craven than we ever expected to learn, and as the elevator was making its final trip for the afternoon, we told him he was released.

At the stage door we parted. We went into the Little Club and he hurried over to the Lambs. And as he strode he whistled merrily. No, he wasn't whistling Beethoven's Sonata or Rubinstein's Melody in F, as a great playwright should. He was whistling, "Oh, how I laugh when I think how I cried about you," which betokens a light heart.

Swans' Wings of 1921 Contest

(Continued from page 56)

heights you may rapidly rise. Spread your wings and try to fly. It is the only way to discover whether you are a swan or a duck.

The celluloid world offers opportunities for numerous and diverse types. There must be tragedy queens and comedy cuties, ingénues, sirens, villains, heroes, little bobbed-hair girls, mischievous boys and he-vampires. Perhaps you are exactly the right person for one of these types.

All necessary information and rules of the contest will appear in these articles and in the advertisements in the three magazines. Therefore, letters asking for replies are not expected, but, if thought necessary, should be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes. Address the Contest Manager.

You are not limited in the number of pictures. Send in as many as you like. If your first photograph does not win you a place on the honor roll, it is no certain indication that you fail to measure up to standard. Try again with a different and better portrait.

In past contests men have seemed fearful of sending in their portraits, probably thinking the contest was for women only. However, that is a mistaken idea which has already been corrected and which is again emphasized. The pictures of men are desired, men of varying ages and divers types, provided they have a good physique and an attractive appearance.

The first honor roll of the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest has been prepared for SHADOWLAND and is as follows:

Alyeen Taylor, of the Palace Theater in Little Rock, Arkansas, who has blue eyes and light brown hair, and has had a little screen experience; and

Yvonne Gwendolyn De Veny, of 7930 Constance Avenue, Chicago, who has had some experience in professional dancing. She is only twelve years old and has brown hair, brown eyes and high coloring.

Mr. Jeremiah Sees It Thru

(Continued from page 60)

has just died and says, "Their long years together had shown him that it did not so much matter if marriage was a dull duty, so long as it kept the dignity of a duty; lapsing from that, it became a mere battle of ugly appetites. Looking about him, he honored his own past, and mourned for it. After all, there was good in the old ways."

We are not convinced of the exact truth of this philosophical deduction of Mrs. Wharton's, but there can be no question that she has been extremely successful in creating a bygone time and its people. If what she says is true, there need not be so much dissatisfaction after all. Things are not so good just now, but seemingly they never were.

"JUST outside the door the fairies are waiting with their gifts. Let them in. They will weave a magic spell about you and transform you with their deft touches," says a lovely new star, the winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. And she tells who these fairies are in the story,

"In League with the Fairies"

By

CORLISS PALMER

which will appear in

The March Number

of

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

This is the first of a series of beauty articles by Miss Palmer, who, as the most beautiful woman of America, is prepared to give her very modern and advanced ideas of acquiring and preserving beauty and health for the benefit of every woman who seeks her shrine. Beginning with the March number, these articles will appear regularly in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

SHADOWLAND



Finish This Picture

Fill in the missing lines. See how close you come to the original drawing. The above picture was drawn by Student Wynn Holcomb. We have a great number of students and graduates whose work appears in magazines and newspapers all over the country.

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Complete outfit free to new students. Write for handsome book, "How to Become an Artist." Tells what Course includes, shows many drawings made by Director Chandlee and many students.

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Don't miss our book. Even if you have no previous knowledge of drawing, our Course will enable you to become a successful cartoonist or illustrator. Many students earn money while they are learning. If you are ambitious to get ahead, to earn more money, write for our free book and special offer now. You can do as well as our other successful students! Write now for free book, "How to Become an Artist." Mail letter or postal.

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It's a Mad World

(Continued from page 74)

Oswald cries gibberishly for "the sun, mother, the sun"; Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness," Strindberg's "The Father" and Echegaray's "Madman or Saint" are notable examples. "The Power of Darkness," which was revealed here last season by the Theater Guild, showed a crazed old man who stalked thru the play incoherently emphasizing by weird circumlocutions the need of righteousness in his household. Frank Reicher in this character gave a remarkably vivid performance.

Did not "The Belle of New York," which emblazoned Edna May in the theatrical skies, possess a half-wit of some kind? Are not the butlers, waiters, valets and other butts of the musical comedy comedians always bereft of reason? Are not the comedians themselves at times the most spectacular of simpletons?

What can account for the fact that the peasant girl cannot penetrate the obvious disguise of her princely lover? Nothing save that she is weak-minded. What can account for the fact that a comic opera soldier, ridiculous in his gaudiness and his effeminacy, is not laughed off the stage? Nothing save that we are weak-minded.

England has given the stage the silly ass. And nothing is sillier than a silly ass. Even a silly ass will admit that. He has flourished in a thousand and one plays—drawling and drooling.

But we, too, have some national pride. America has also given the stage something. She does not have to take a back seat for England. Not by any means. She can boast—well, what can she boast? Why, of course, of course . . .

The NUT.

The Dean of the English Drama Speaks

(Continued from page 50)

anger is particularly directed at H. G. Wells and other thinkers.

It is quite natural that Mr. Jones would have decided views upon the photoplay. "Like everybody else, I was exceedingly contemptuous of the films," he says. "Then my plays began to be done in the films and I began to receive my royalties—top prices for their day. They came as a literal Godsend in these days of heavy taxes. Then about twelve or eighteen months ago, I began to seriously consider pictures.

"I can see the obvious possibilities of the cinema. It simply remains for young men of developed intelligence to enter the making of screen plays—and the cinema, already fast developing despite handicaps, will come into its own. If I were young, I would most certainly turn to the films as my definite means of expression. The theater of today is a toy shop, the cinema is a mighty medium. Yes, its possibilities are infinite."

Motion Picture CLASSIC for March

BLUE sky, blue waters, and a white sailboat on the briny deep! It is a picture that spells romance, adventure, perhaps treasure!

But it's out on the sea and no one knows when it will sail in.

Are you waiting for your ship to come in?

Dont wait.

There is a ship already made for you. Its sails are of the rainbow. It is blown by the winds of romance. In its hold is the treasure of the cinema world.

It is Motion Picture CLASSIC for March and arrives in the harbor the middle of February.

Among the gleaming treasures in the hold is the interview with.

LIONEL BARRYMORE

by

Frederick James Smith

It is the first interview granted by Mr. Barrymore for some six years and is a vital, refreshing story of the popular cinema star.

Corinne Griffith, the lovely Vitagraph star, is interviewed in her charming studio apartment by Adele Whitely Fletcher.

The exquisite Elsie Ferguson, of the silken drama, tells the interviewer about her Far Eastern trip, even before her trunks have been unpacked. This story is accompanied by pictures made abroad.

Wallace Reid entertains and enlightens Hazel Shelley with his ideas and ideals.

The world and his wife read the chatty news of the celluloid world found in Pacific Coast Paragraphs and Gossip of the Eastern Studios.

New photoplays are told in story form.

The Answer Man gives information in his characteristic, breezy style.

Get the ship of romance, adventure and treasure.

The Motion Picture CLASSIC for March

Motion Picture Magazine for March

A well in the desert!
A light in the dark!
A flower by the wayside!

It is the March number of Motion Picture Magazine, a thing of life and color.

On the cover is the portrait in colors of another alluring star. "And you love her on the cover of a magazine," as you do on the screen. You love, too, those flowers that bloom in the gallery, famous for their ability, beauty and personality.

"Who Makes The Movies?"

You have asked it, and your friends have asked it and you always hear ten thousand voices saying "I." If you really wish to know, read this clever illustrated article by Elton Kelly. It may prove a light in the dark.

"What Makes The Photodrama?"

by

John Emerson and Anita Loos

is a well for the thousands of thirsty seekers for information. The names of these photoplaywrights are famous in the film world, and they, above all others, are qualified to prepare this series of articles on scenario writing.

Adele Whitely Fletcher interviews Norma Talmadge and puts her gay butterfly personality into a charming story.

"Just Folks" is Lillian Montanye's story of Mary Carr, who made a hit as the mother in "Over the Hills."

Betty Compson chats with Hazel Simpson Naylor, and Nazimova with Cerline Boll.

"Out of the Chorus," "Forbidden Fruit" and "Lying Lips" are new pictures told in story form.

A number to brighten the eyes and captivate the fancy is

Motion Picture Magazine for March

Mon Dieu, Delysia!

(Continued from page 28)

a midinette; you know what that is? Non? In Paris a midinette is a little girl who work in a hat shop. She picks up ze pins and help wiz ze trimmings and deliver ze hats, all ze little odds and ends. I was a midinette, but I was one wiz a purpose. My purpose was ze stage. Always I had wanted ze stage. I dont know how it came to me. I dont know why. I cant imagine why. My family are—what you say?—religieuse? Seven of my aunts are in ze cloister—are nuns. At first when I went on they would have nothing to do with me. Now when I am successful they are pleased and they become reconciled to me again. And so it goes. Bien, I thought that as a midinette I would see ze grande dame and ze great gentilhomme and that my chance would come. Well, it did come. I went on ze stage in musical comedy and I was how you call successful. I played in many of them and then I create ze rôle of "As You Were" in Paris that Irene Bordoni created here. (I knew there was some analogy.) Then I play in "Afgar" and then I come over here."

"Had you some special reason in coming here?" I asked.

Delysia looked wicked—you know!

She said: "Ver' special. Money." Then, more seriously, lest she be misunderstood: "Non, money does not mean so ver' much to me as you think. I want other things as much as money—recognition and all that. I come here because my manager advise me to and because I want to see ze country and enlarge my field."

"How do you like us?" I asked.

"So far—so nice," she smiled; "you have been most kind, most kind. My reception was . . . la, la!" and she blew a kiss to an imaginary audience, thereby that much the loser. "But I cannot give you long opinions," she went on, anxiously, "so soon. It takes me, let us say, five months to judge a country and a man . . . a love affair."

"Man," I repeated; "man . . . oh, yes. Cant you tell me how you, a French woman, like our American men?"

"Ah zat surely I could not say," she said. "I would have to marry one to tell you."

"I'll print that," I hazarded.

"Why not . . . ?"

"You'll have a line-up at your door . . . there'll be poet and plutocrat, tired business man and dilettante . . . schemer and dreamer . . ."

Delysia raised both hands. She winked an eye. "You say so? Bien! I'd like that!"

"What is your ambition?" I suggested, turning away from the whirlpool of men and women and love to the safer shallow of ambition. "You seem to me to be the dramatic type in appearance," I pursued; "shall you continue in musical comedy always?"

(Continued on page 80)



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Mon Dieu, Delysia!

(Continued from page 79)

"So many people say that," Delysia said, now robed in something scarlet and silken and reclining on a couch; "and I hope to do dramatic things in one or two years. Especially I hope to play Camille, and Zaza and DuBarry. Soon I shall begin."

"What about pictures?"

"Ouf! Pouf! I am already signed up wiz Mr. Brady for ten weeks, two pictures, fifty thousand dollars. I have done one or two film at home and I like it very much. It ees good fun."

I assented feebly that ten weeks of fun at the rate of fifty thousand *might* be mildly amusing. I could quite get her point of view. It just goes to *show*, I thought, that foreigners are not so different from us after all. They see things in *much* the same light. Their sense of humor is real *good*. They just naturally make the best of everything, take us as we are and the results are clubby.

Nor did I have any reason to marvel at Delysia's being Afgar's favorite wife, while seeing lots of reasons to agree with—but I must go carefully. Our proof-reader is delicate when it comes to inuendo.

Lines o' Beauty

(Continued from page 73)

chosen skin-toning lotion patted on the face with absorbent cotton, a bit of foundation cream, a sprinkling of soft and fragrant powder—and milady may face the world fresh and lovely as a flower petal.

Personal attention and authentic information is assured readers of SHADOWLAND who write us on topics of interest to them. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Rambler, SHADOWLAND, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Janet Beecher

(Continued from page 31)

costumes," we interrupted.

"Yes," agreed Miss Beecher, "that's what I thought until I had my photograph taken. I went to the man who is noted for making plain women beautiful, and beautiful women beautifuller, and I thought I would come out looking like Irene Castle, and I took one look at the picture and fainted. Compared to what I looked like, Marie Dressler is a sylph. You know when it's natural for you to be fat it isn't easy not to be, and I hate not eating just what I want and exercising when I want to be reading—but look at me now," said Miss Beecher with pardonable pride.

"Do you know," we said by way of consolation, "that Florence Reed took off

pounds and pounds in a few weeks after she decided that she was too fat. She went from 158 to 119!"

"Brave woman," said Miss Beecher with a sigh, "but it's worth it. If you remember me in 'The Concert,' of course you remember how fat I was and how matronly looking."

"And you couldn't have been," we said giving Miss Beecher a long, searching look. "You couldn't have been much over twenty."

"I wasn't. You see it was my first New York engagement and I wanted it so badly that I was willing to sacrifice anything to get it. I even told them that I was a lot older than I was. And how carefully I lined my face and greyed my hair. And now I am paying the penalty."

"Be sure your sin will find you out," we said flippantly.

"It has found me out," agreed Miss Beecher. "People never believe me when I tell them how old I am—how young, I mean—because they say, 'Why, she was in 'The Concert' ten years ago and she couldn't have been very young then.' You know the way they do."

"Now, Miss Beecher, as people always expect some biographical facts in an interview, would you mind telling me where you were born—you needn't tell me when."

"I don't mind telling you either one. The answers are Jefferson, Missouri, and 1886. Also, if you are interested, I was baptized by a bishop and godmothered by the Governor's wife."

"And you played first in stock in Milwaukee, didn't you?"

"I did, but how did you know it?"

"Why, don't you know that you are the actress that made Milwaukee famous? Everybody always says, 'Yes, Janet Beecher, clever actress, but she got her training in stock in Milwaukee.'"

"That sounds like opprobrium, doesn't it, but I assure you it didn't seem like that to me. I loved the stock work—the rehearsals and the new plays each week. The theater was always life to me. I left high school to go on the stage and no one approved of me but little Olive."

"And Valli-Valli, she is your sister, too, isn't she?"

"Mercy, no! No relation. Isn't it strange how everyone thinks that Valli-Valli is our sister. I believe it even appeared in the paper."

"Well, you know it is a bit confusing to the layman. There is the well-known family of Margaret Romaine and Hazel Dawn and Ina Clair and Jimmy Fagan, her brother, and Edna Flugrath, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, the three little sisters who look exactly alike, and Janet Beecher and Olive Wyndham who are exactly opposite—it's so much easier when they're all Drews or Barrymores—easier to remember, we mean."

"Yes, but being a Drew or a Barrymore isn't easy. It's what we all aspire to."

But of all the actresses we know, none has a better chance than Miss Beecher. In our heart, as well as alphabetically, she comes right after Ethel Barrymore.

"Love's Redemption"

has been completed and is now being cut and titled. It is ready for the market.

Ask your exhibitor to book it so that you may see it at your theater.

All of the Final Honor Roll and *Winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest* appear in this photodrama, and, aside from this feature, the story is unusually powerful and beautifully played.

Following is the cast of characters:

Peggy Logan.....	Blanche McGarity	Broker.....	Joseph Murtaugh
Mike Logan.....	Dorian Romero	Billy Logan.....	Dorothy Taylor
Ralph Lane.....	Lynne M. Berry	Mrs. Sykes.....	Effie Palmer
Lucille Worth.....	Anetha Getwell	Mrs. Lane's Nurse.....	Buntly Manly
Mrs. Lane.....	Katherine Bassett	Bill Sykes.....	Alfred L. Rigali
Mrs. Worth.....	Octavia Handworth	Worth's Maid, Marie, Erminie	Gagnon
Detective.....	Wm. R. Tallmadge	Jewelry Clerk....	Edward Chalmers
Edwin Markham....	Edwin Markham	Doctor White.....	Charles Hammer
Hudson Maxim....	Hudson Maxim	Another Doctor.....	Wm. White
Richard Worth.....	Arthur Tuthill	Rent Collector.....	Norbert Hammer
Mrs. Lane's Maid....	Cecile Edwards	Worth's Butler.....	Carl Chalmers
Officer Kelly.....	Wm. Castro	Worth's Servant.....	Doris Doree
Officer Reilly.....	Ellsworth Jones	Worth's Housekeeper..	Mrs. F. Mayer
Officer Jones.....	Seymoure Panish	Police Captain.....	O. L. Langhanke
The President.....	James J. McCabe	Pawnbroker.....	Jose Santo DeSegui
The Poet's Little Friend.....		Ruth Higgins	

Edwin Markham, the greatest of living poets and author of the immortal "The Man With the Hoe," makes his first screen appearance in this photodrama, and so does Hudson Maxim, the great inventor, and Hon. Lawrence C. Fish, Judge of the Municipal Traffic Court. The leading part is beautifully played by Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, who takes the part of a fifteen-year-old poor girl. Octavia Handworth, who was for years Crane Wilbur's leading lady, plays an important part, as also does Anetha Getwell, another of last year's contest.

Date of Release to be Announced Later

For further particulars, address

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